

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

JUNIOR COLLEGE MAGAZINE

*MARCH*





The St. Joseph's Collegian

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

EDITED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

BY THE STUDENTS

OF

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



# The St. Joseph's Collegian

March, 1934

Volume XXII.

Number Six

Alfred F. Horrigan, Editor

Dominic Pallone, Business Mgr.

---

## Contents

### ESSAYS

A Poet of Happy Devices	Henry Martin	253
The Church and Art	Valerian Volin	263
Concert at Ten	Edward McCarthy	275

### SHORT STORIES—

The Guardian Angel Diamond	Delbert Welch	257
The Mad Hatters	Eddie Williams	267

### VERSE

Ode to Washington	Louis Balbach	256
Aftermath	Delbert Welch	262
To a Cathedral	Anthony Traser	273
Resurrection	Frank Gannon	274
Home Forgotten	E. J. Sandrick	276
Spring, The King	Edward Maziarz	277
The Winged Winds	Edward Hession	283
March	Chester Bowling	281
Happiness Alone	Joseph Gedden	286

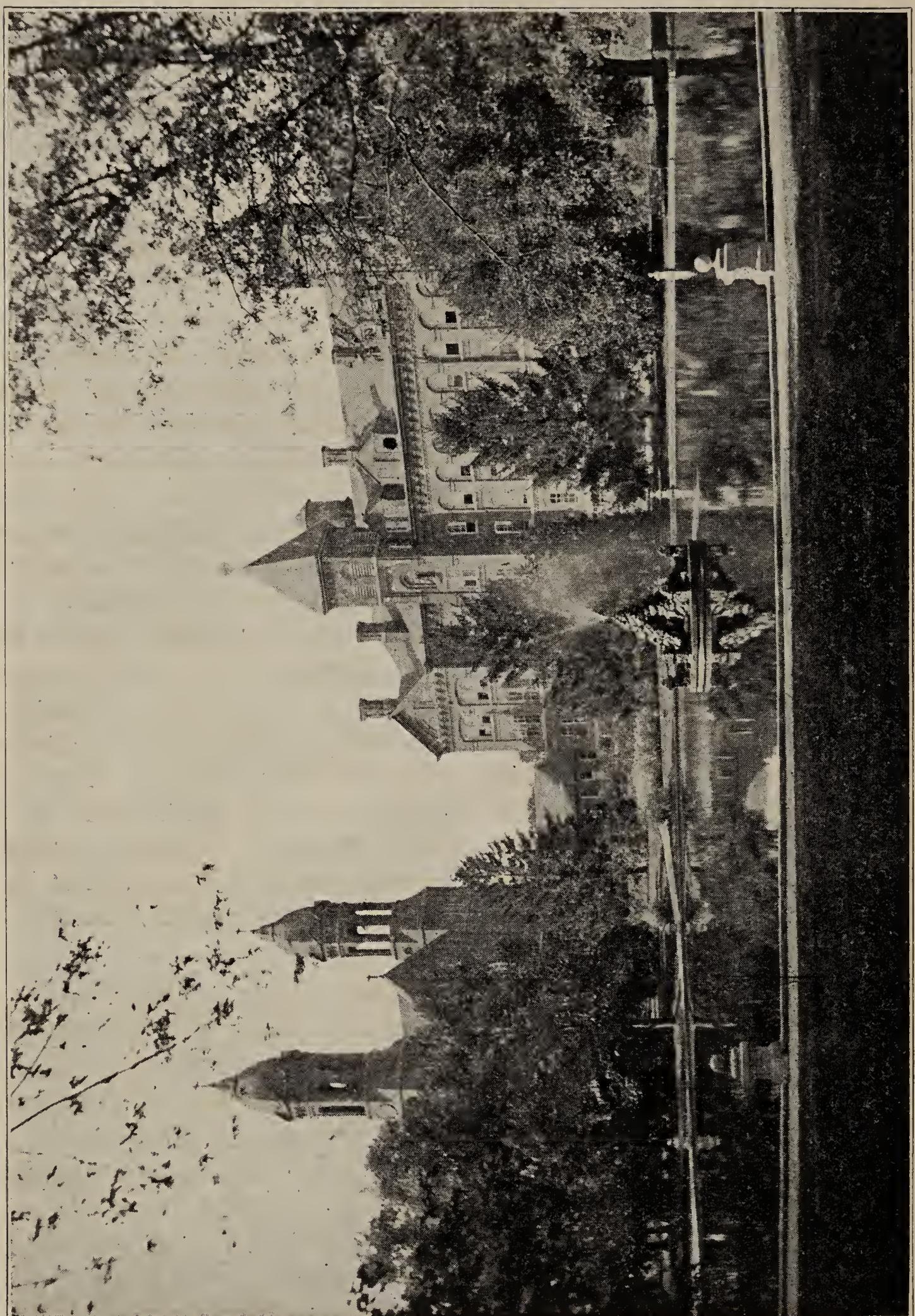
### DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	279
Alumni	282
Books	284
Locals	287
Clubs	291
Exchanges	294
Sports	295
Humor	302

---

The Collegian is published monthly during the school year by the students of St. Joseph's College. Contributions are solicited from the students. Subscription rates: yearly, one dollar and fifty cents; single copies, twenty cents.

Entered as Second-Class matter, October 20, 1927, at the Post Office of Collegeville, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1897.





## *The Poet of Happy Devices*

Henry S. Martin '35

JUST a few years ago, death tore from the voluminous book of life a few leaves on which were written the deeds of Alice Meynell and dispatched them with her soul to her Creator. Although she took with herself the leaves that were for her a certificate of destiny for all eternity, she has left to this world pages that in a temporal sense may be called immortal; pages that will preserve her memory as a superior maker of pleasant, happy, and thoughtful poems. Though she has to her discredit some pages of verse that are quite vapid, insipid one might say, yet these pages are few among the many that she wrote. By far the most of her work in poetry is really beautiful. It could not be otherwise, for it is all shot through with the thoughts of a woman whose mental qualities are such as are found only in the noblest and purest natures. Hence it is that one of her worthy contemporaries says of her:

“She was a lovely star  
That sang a whole life’s way—  
Her heavenly way, and far,  
To her day.”

Though Mrs. Meynell’s works are not so numerous as those of many other authors of her day, yet they have in themselves a worth that is hard to beat. With noticeable care she trained her poetic muse to sing only of things that she loved and understood. She knew how to manage her wording in such wise that her tuneful strains do not strike the ear precipitantly, but reach it with the soft movement of a southern breeze. Then, after gently stirring every fiber of feeling, they waft onward, leaving a fading sense of sweetness to be enjoyed like the dying peal of silver bells.

What may rightfully be thought of her poetry is adroitly illustrated by the opinion of the renowned John Ruskin, who during the best years of his life was a contemporary author of hers. This veritable leviathan judge of all that is artistic says that “the last verse of Alice Meynell’s perfectly heavenly ‘Letter from a Girl to Her Old Age’, the whole of her ‘San Lorenzo’s Mother,’ and the end of her sonnet, ‘To a Daisy’ are the finest things that

I have yet felt or seen in modern verse." Beyond doubt, this aristocrat among art critics was profoundly pleased with many of the dainty and aristocratic thought-devices the execution of which Alice Meynell was most adept. But to this attitude there can be no legitimate objection, for thought of this kind, wherever it may be found, is always highly inspirational, and is in particular truly attractive to minds of lofty calibre. When Ruskin is pleased with anything that makes pretensions to being artistic, it has a stamp of approval that even in modern times could not be disregarded without temerity.

Even George Meredith became sufficiently enthusiastic when reading several of Mrs. Meynell's essays and poems to write, "I can fancy Matthew Arnold lighting on such essays, saying with refreshment, 'She can write!' It does not seem too bold to imagine Carlyle listening, without the usual weariful gesture, to his wife reading her verses, hearing them to the end, and giving his comment, "That woman thinks." That this woman could think is plain from the ideas to which she gave expression during the saddened days of the World War. When human hands were dabbling in blood to the extent that vast battlefields were covered with dead and dying men; when the hearts of thousands of families were in distress, this "poetess of poets, shepherdess of sheep, and saint among women," wrote the exhilarating little verse,

"Fathers of Women." The concluding lines of this poem offer a definite note of encouragement and consolation to

"The crippled world! Come then,  
Fathers of women, with your honor  
in trust;  
Approve, accept, know them daugh-  
ters of men;  
Know that your sons are dust."

In many of her poems, the theme is taken from the old saying, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." To those parents who are able to send their sons over the "cradling seas" in order to subdue their country's enemies, she always speaks encouragingly. There is a thinly veiled suggestion in these poems, quite patriotic in sentiment, that devotion to spiritual rather than material values is the hope of the human race. In whatever may come along in the run of life, courage, hopefulness, bravery are indicated by her as undying refrains suitable to check the onrush of disheartening feelings in the face of disaster. Little wonder then that a number of her poems were regarded as spots of sunshine amid the thousands of pages that record the events of the dark days given to battle and bloodshed.

When definitely referring to Mrs. Meynell's prose works, one feels constrained to admit, without incurring the slightest imputation of partiality, that these works, essays mainly, are filled with much excellent thought, "the mature fruit of si-

lence that sees and listens." The critic, Dixon Scott, may be a trifle perfervid in his praise, but it is interesting to note that he says, "Her work indicates the farthest point yet reached by English prose along the line of its surest advance, and it is from its last page that the next advance must spring." Certain it is that whether her writings deal with art or literature, with the "tethered constellations," or with the "darling young," with winds and waters, or with woman and books, there is always present a magic power of description, a keen discernment and tactful judgment that result from thorough knowledge of facts expressed—facts that are always given in their true colors. Her skill in writing, while very elaborate, does not seem to be easy, for at times the feeling steals into the reader's mind that the wording is forced, a fault that rises out of her over-scrupulous care to make things more than exact, or more than clear. The quality of "overdone" may be charged to her works generally; something of which she must have become aware later on, for many of her earlier works have been toned down by sharp revision with the evident purpose of securing uniformity of achievement, but in spite of this labor, the diction is a little too sweet to be always palatable.

Then, too, the charge has been made that in her essays and poems the thought is frequently too deep for the ordinary reader to fathom.

But everything cannot be made plain to the ordinary reader; if that were an insistent demand, then literature could never hope to reach beyond the barest commonplaces in the range of human life. The fact is that her themes made it necessary to use fragile and subtle hints at reality. One need but recall the meaning of the poem entitled "The Shepherdess" in order to understand what delicate "nuances" Mrs. Meynell could contrive, and had to contrive, for the sake of giving a commonplace idea an attractive setting. But this seeming obscurity can very readily be dispelled, if only the reader will seek the mind of the author. In the author's mind, in this case, and it happens to be so in nearly all her works, there was a deep religious element which gave direction and significance to all she wrote. It is this element that pervades her works and makes them as fascinating as beds of roses in the bright noon-day sun. What seems to be obscure here is not a fault; rather it is a perfection.

If no more important faults can be found in the life of Alice Meynell than critics can detect in her literary productions, then one may say confidently that her long life certainly was a splendidly good one. Whether she knew it or not at the close of her days that her literary works would brave the test of time is of no consequence, but it is of consequence that her memory bids fair to hold a place, and that a permanent one, in the hearts of a mul-

titude of admiring readers. The woman poet, who found "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," deserves to be remembered.

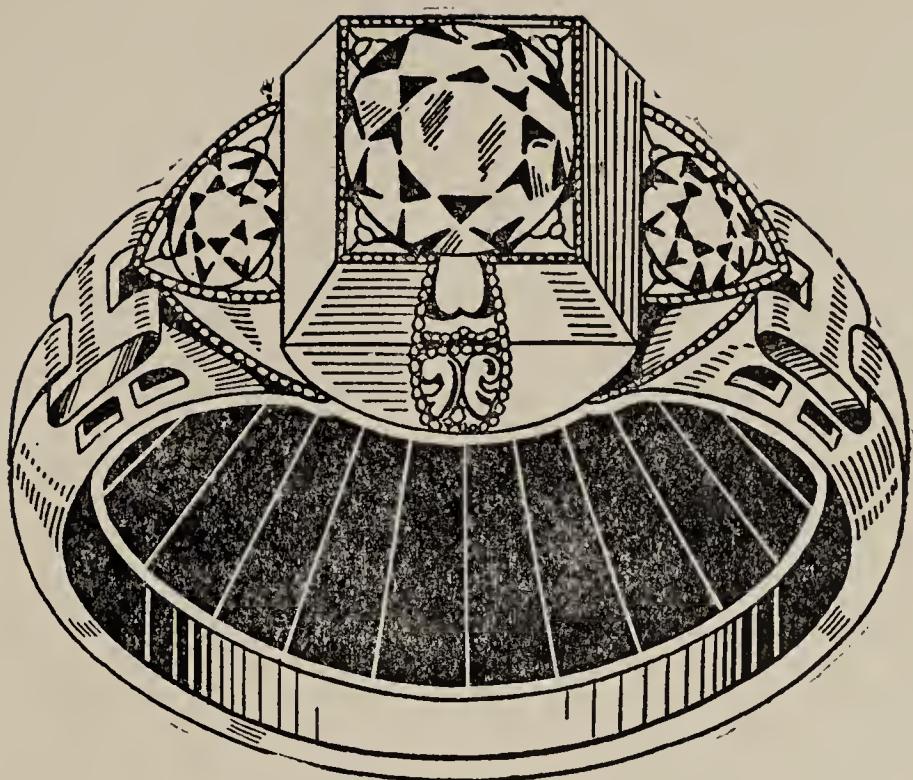
ed for the exceptional melody and sweetness of her written lines as well as for the exceptional nobility of her personal character.



## Ode to Washington

L. J. Balback '34

A stalwart oak you were  
Within a forest deep  
Amid whose branches strong  
The birds their shelter sought.  
And like a mighty tree  
You bent before the lashing gale,  
Nor broke:  
But when the storm was o'er, you bravely stood  
Like grandest monarch of the wood.  
Unhurt by storms. You grew in might  
To face the heavy charge—to set the wrong aright.  
Now when the sounds of wailing ceased to fill the air,  
You stood more bravely than before  
As source of cheer and comfort  
For those who'd have a father's care.  
This kindness people praise in you,  
Though you lie wrapt within the grandeur of the tomb  
Now well beyond a hundred years; and will praise  
At all such times when stories brave are told.  
You need but to be named  
To rouse new hope within some weary heart  
And bid despair to flee,  
For cowardliness and shame in your name have no part  
Where'er songs speak of praise,  
There for you, O Washington!  
We shall make our voices heard  
Throughout the vaulted skies.



## *The Guardian Angel Diamond*

Delbert L. Welch '34

ABOVE an attractive show window, a sign shouted the name, Longhorn & Ashley, Jewelry Company. Below that sign, the sunlight filtered through vast panels of double-strength plate glass, only to be caught and broken up in every color of the spectrum by diamonds on display. Together with the diamonds lay in profusion the latest types of pendants, rings, bracelets; and, for variety, some Bulova wrist watches mixed in the show. Even at that, the jewelry exhibit was not of the most elaborate kind; yet it was sufficient to catch the eyes of passers-by.

The little store behind the grand display windows mostly proved a disappointment to customers who

entered it for the first time. To them it seemed that all the wealth was in the windows, leaving nothing to be seen inside of the store but a line of drab steel cases that ended just at the front of an enormous safe that looked defiance at all sinister intentions. One object of interest, though, was always ready at hand for anybody to inspect. No matter who the customer was, or at what time of the day he came, he could not possibly overlook a diamond, ten carat in size, cut in brilliant shape, laying on a small plush-covered dais. The presence of this stone had a twofold purpose. It was to remind the prospective customer that he found himself in a store dealing in rare gems; but outside of

this purpose, it was to act as the "guardian angel" of the establishment. This latter office had been assigned to it by Messrs. Longhorn and Ashley, who had surrounded the stone with a certain mystery of which no one, excepting themselves, was to be apprised. The secret could not, however, be kept from Mr. Ashley's daughter, Marjorie, who upon learning the reason that the stone was called the "guardian angel", laughed heartily and avowed upon a steep wager with her father that in spite of the presence of the stone, the store could be robbed, and that the "guardian-angel" would fall a victim to the hands of a thief as readily as any other stone.

Naturally, since Marjorie had placed a wager with her father regarding the protective influence of the "guardian-angel" diamond, she was more than anxious to bring matters to a test if only a chance would come her way. The chance came when on a cold day in January, Marvin Berkey, a plain-clothes detective, stepped into the jewelry store, ostensibly to warm himself. That he had some other purpose in mind outside of coming in out of the cold was soon disclosed. Berkey was Marjorie's fiance, and to meet her was clearly his chief purpose for stopping at the store. As he entered, he called to Mr. Ashley in a familiar way:

"Ah, Jack, how are you? I haven't seen you for a mighty long time!"

"Fine as can be for a man of my age," replied Mr. Ashley. "But where have you been keeping yourself, Berkey? Do you know that Marjorie has been looking for you day by day for the past several weeks? Each day she has resolved never to speak to you again if you did not put in your appearance soon. Now don't start giving alibis."

"I've been real busy, Jack," explained Mr. Berkey. "I've been trying my level best to secure evidence for the conviction of Larry Brennen. You know who he is, as well as you know who I am. Brennen, as you know, is one of those sofa-coasting, good-looking society crooks, who has gotten away with so many robberies of late that I shall lose my job, if I don't ring him soon. The fact is that I am probing for evidence right along; but I did not come here to probe for evidence. Marjorie is not around, is she?"

"Oh, I see, I see, Berkey," replied Mr. Ashley, "I thought you came here to talk to me, but it's Marjorie you're looking for. Well, she isn't here, and I'm glad she isn't. You would have no time left for me if she were here. Now you will talk to me, and I want you to tell me all about Brennen. Perhaps I may be able to help you. Let's have the complete story about this crook. You may feel like laughing at my suggestion to help you, but, my good fellow, I've helped you before."

Acceding to Mr. Ashley's request, the detective began to re-

late the entire tale. Unnoticed by either of the two, Marjorie entered and stood silently listening. At what she considered to be the close of the story, she began to laugh loudly. Instantly, Berkey, the detective was on his feet.

"Hello, Marjorie," he greeted very pleasantly, "what makes you laugh? Is it what you have heard, or is it my bad English?"

"Your English is sufficiently good," Marjorie answered, "but your mind must be blank. Surely, if you cannot even give me a thought in weeks; then how can you hope to think enough to catch Brennen? I'll take a bet on it that I can catch him."

"That I did not think of you, Marjorie, and that day by day, is a wicked charge on your part. But let that be for the present. You just said something that interests me greatly. You, want to bet that you could catch Brennen? How much?"

"Five hundred dollars," came the reply.

"Taken," laughed Berkey. But the laugh quickly faded from his face when Marjorie suddenly produced the bills. "Why Marjorie, don't be foolish. It's rank nonsense for you to take a bet on something that is clearly impossible—clearly beyond you, and—"

"You made the bet; stick to it," Marjorie insisted.

"Well, if you must have your way then here is my check. Your Father shall hold the stakes. Let me

hear from you if I don't catch Brennen before you do. I'll give you three months at the game. I must go now; but I shall see you meanwhile, only remember nothing is to be said about Brennen when we happen to meet. Good-by."

Marjorie was not slow in making her plans. She knew that Brennen was not in hiding. No, he was daily moving about in society; though greatly suspected of serious misdeeds; though closely watched no direct evidence involving him in a crime could be obtained. Her way of tricking him, while not novel, would nevertheless—so at least she hoped—prove successful. It did not take long for her to find out that this social crook was attending the best operas; the local country club, and was frequenting the golf links. At one of these places she would surely meet him. Her hopes were fulfilled when, on one evening, she had occasion to be introduced to him at the country club. Dances, luncheons, automobile rides now followed. She kept up the whirlwind of amusement with Brennen until he began to look upon her as a reliable associate in any plans he might entertain for future questionable operations.

Marjorie thought that now the time had come to stage a ruse that would be an eye-opener to her father with respect to the "guardian-angel" diamond on exhibition in his store and would prove to Mervin Berkey, the detective, that his bet was lost. With this purpose in

mind, she suggested to Brennen one evening that it would be a pleasure to see her father's jewelry store robbed, and that she would be willing to give whatever assistance was demanded of her in this trick. At first Brennen took her suggestion warily, but she persuaded him, convinced him that it would be an easy matter and very profitable besides. She assured him that she needed money, and that robbing the store was the easiest way of getting it from her father. Brennen, of course, was to have his share of the loot. Very cautiously the society crook began questioning her, but he gradually entered whole-heartedly into her plans.

The trap was now set; nothing more was required than to find an opportune moment for decoying the prey into it. Marjorie found to her delight that Brennen was now taking the lead in devising plans for the proposed robbery. She was surprised at the shrewd suggestions he made for covering up tracks and at the skill he displayed in all the arrangements he contrived. Finally he set the time. At two-thirty in the morning, on a certain Wednesday, the robbery would be carried out. There would be no room for suspicion as to who the guilty persons were; for surely Mr. Ashley would not suspect his own daughter, or one with whom she kept company.

Since Marjorie knew everything about the store and had a key in her possession, there was no diffi-

culty confronting her and Brennen by way of gaining entry at the time appointed. As Marjorie suspected, so it happened. Brennen at once noticed the "guardian-angel" diamond and hastened to seize it. As he touched it with his hand, an almost unnoticeable click sounded. It was this faint click that Marjorie wanted to hear. It did not disturb Brennen, and she was glad that he did not notice it. Slipping the stone in his pocket, he said to Marjorie, who at the time was taking money from the big safe:

"I have all I want; how about you?"

"There is no need to be in a hurry," Marjorie replied. "There are other diamonds here. Why not take them also?"

"All the others taken together are not worth the one I have," answered Brennen. "If you have what money you want, let's go."

As they passed out into the morning air, Marjorie felt particularly happy; her plan had worked out to perfection. Brennen walked along without the least suspicion of any kind in his mind. He had in his possession what he considered sufficient payment for his trouble, and he felt happy in the thought that he had helped Marjorie get the money she wanted. As far as he was concerned, all had gone well.

At the usual hour on that same Wednesday morning, Mr. Ashley opened the store. He was astonished to see the big safe open, and at once rushed to see if the "guardian-ang-

el" diamond was in its place. It was gone. He took several minutes to compose his thoughts. Then without even telephoning to his partner, Mr. Longhorn, he left the store with a small package under his arm. Meanwhile Marjorie came; placed the money she had taken, back into the safe and began to arrange the store for the day's business. Two hours had scarcely passed, when she saw her father hurry into the store, his face red with excitement, yet reflecting triumph. He fairly yelled to the stenographer, "What is detective Mervin Berkey's phone number? What is it? Hurry!" Having obtained the number, he bellowed into the mouthpiece:

"Rush over to my store quick as you can, Berkey, I've got all the evidence you will need to convict Brennen. Gorsh, no, I'm not kidding. I've got the evidence; plenty of it. Come on!"

Upon this summons, Mervin Berkey, the detective, quickly sped to the store. Immediately upon arriving, he shouted:

"Where is your evidence, Jack Ashley?"

"Don't be so excited," warned Mr. Ashley. "Here is Brennen's photograph; unmistakably it is his. He stole the 'guardian-angel' diamond out of my store. He did not know that at night time, that diamond is always surrounded by photostatic rays, and that any one who touches it will have his picture taken by two cameras, one, before, and one behind him, as soon as he in-

terrupts these rays. I had the negative developed, and here is Brennen."

"Caught himself at last, did he?" questioned Berkey.

"No, he did not," now interrupted Marjorie. "I have something to tell you both. Listen to me. In the first place, I want to tell you, Dad, that I engineered the entire affair. You always disputed my word that your store could be successfully burglarized because of the protection afforded by your 'guardian-angel' diamond. I knew of this trick connected with the diamond, and could have forestalled the action of the cameras. It was I who was with Brennen in this burglary. I wanted him to be caught. At two-thirty, on this very morning he and I executed the robbery. That he would make for the large diamond is what I expected him to do. To make him believe that I wanted a lot of money, I opened the safe and removed what money was there. You, Dad, should have suspected that the affair was an inside job when you saw the safe open, and that, too, without any injury to the combination. I replaced the money while you were absent to have the negatives taken from the cameras developed. It should have surprised you, when returning to the store later, that the safe was closed, and that I said nothing to you at the time. From what I am here telling you, it should be plain to you that I know all about the matter."

"As for you, Berkey, your bet is lost. I roped Brennen; you now have first-class evidence on him. Arrest him and see if his story will not bear out what I am telling you."

Mr. Ashley and Mervin Berkey could hardly believe their own ears; yet things seemed to be beyond dispute to them. At length Berkey exclaimed:

"Marjorie, you are a wonder! Give her the stakes, Mr. Ashley. As for myself I have two reasons to feel happy in all this excitement. The one is that since Marjorie and I plan to be married, the money will stay in the family. The other is that I shall be able to avail myself readily of her help in future detective sleuthing. So much for the present. I must be off to arrest Brennen. Good-by."

"Forgive this mean trick of mine,

Dad," Marjorie now said to her father. To be on the square with you I'll call off the wager I had with you concerning your big diamond."

"I shall forgive you in part now, and fully if the court trial will bear out what you claim concerning Mr. Brennen. But nothing like this again from you, dearie," warned her father.

The court proceedings brought out all that Messrs. Ashley and Longhorn, together with others, could desire. Larry Brennen was at last brought to justice; Marjorie obtained full pardon from her father for the practical joke she had perpetrated in venturing to assist in robbing the store, and the "guardian-angel" diamond was then brought back to its place, but never regained its former reputation.

---

## Aftermath

D. Welch '34

The trees have doffed their robes of charming green  
And stand like dead. Grey mists defile the blue  
That lines the sky, while Earth defies the warmth  
Of Spring to penetrate her frozen breast.  
Not all the fires of Vulcan's raging forge  
Could burn their way through Winter's icy hands  
And melt the chains of frost that roughly bind  
All budding life within the throes of death.

Yet veiled beneath the Pisces' gleaming rays,  
Soon one will come whom people Aries name,  
On whose keen horns the Sun will ride aloft  
And give command to break the bands of death  
Which Winter forged on every living thing;  
Then quick with sounds of life, old Earth will ring.



## *The Church and Art*

Valerian J. Volin '34

THAT the Church, as guardian of truth and beauty, will necessarily hold an important role in all phases of art hardly bears discussion. Yet it is something worth remembering, and as such the recalling of a few items relative to the point will not be out of place. Certainly, only a few items are to be considered in this mere sketch; there is no need grabbing at the world for material when the thing to be filled is only a thimble.

Naturally, when even hinting at anything like art, the nature of the influence that has operated in producing or shaping it must be examined. Here, as in all things worth while, thought is the prime factor that governs results. In the Church, thought could not be anything else but religious. Whatever influence she was to have on art would, of course, bear the stamp of her own mind. That such is the case is plain from the earliest attempts at representing Christian ideas as

found in the old catacombs down to the latest production of a religious subject upon which she would put her approval. With her, as with any other organization in this world, thought is the barometer that will show what variety of emotional pressure will result. That this result could only be of the loftiest kind may readily be inferred from the aspirations and ideals which the Church has fostered throughout all the long period of her existence. Her art necessarily stands in sharp contrast to that which emanated from the sensual paganism of old, as well as from the fleshly sensibilities of modern times. For elevating the feelings of man and for purifying his emotions, the art, as mothered by the Church, has never been excelled.

Since it is the profession of art, as the best writers on this subject admit, to communicate feelings by forms, outlines, and representations, it will be fully to the purpose to

contemplate, if only briefly, what the Church has effected by her patronage in this respect. If it will be remembered that the feelings to which mankind is heir are of many kinds, and that among these the sensations of the sublime and the beautiful are the most noteworthy; then it will be suitable to consider primarily what the Church has offered to satisfy these particular feelings.

It is generally conceded that emotions of sublimity are awakened when the mind is filled with awe and wonder at the object which it perceives. To meet this requirement, the Church has inspired and promoted the grandest specimens of architecture that could be produced by human hands. Her massive cathedrals bear witness to her endeavors in this regard. What sense of astonishment can be aroused by structures of this kind will become startlingly evident to anyone who will peruse John Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," or Lowell's poem, "The Cathedral." In both instances, these writers show that they were impressed with an aesthetic emotion that carried them beyond the limit of words at their command. They were overwhelmed by a sense of "noble pride" before which all other feelings gave way as if trodden down by an irresistible force. And not only for the Middle Ages were these masterpieces of grandeur produced, but the emotion that finally became crystallized in them had grown for centuries be-

fore, and stood there in stark reality as miracles of human achievement, such as solid religious feeling alone could inspire for centuries that were to come. That the Church herself should be a storehouse from which the inspiration necessary to arouse man to the most painstaking labors required to visualize his feelings for what is grand and overpowering could be drawn is clearly natural when her origin and mission in this world are taken into account.

Not only for the more massive embodiment of sublimity, as architecture, has the Church through her Faith offered inspiration and guidance, but also in the sphere of more diminutive artistic creations her influence for simulating the sublime is evident. Quite as in nature itself the extreme of greatness is countered by the extreme of littleness, so in like manner the Church has furnished impulses for artists to express the emotion of the sublime in varying degrees of magnitude. Sculptures and paintings, in an almost endless line of masterpieces, have come into existence to overawe beholders by stirring their minds to a sense of superior might and astonishing solemnity. Though it has been attempted to match these religious creations in the artistry of the sublime in the secular and worldly domain; yet, as everybody who examines his feelings closely will admit that the influence for stirring this particular emotion is always, and then only most powerful, when the halo of a Faith that

proclaims immortality crowns the work that has been undertaken. If that which is to represent the sublime must so entirely fill the mind of the beholder that his mind cannot entertain any other idea or sentiment, cannot even reason on the object which engrosses it; then evidently there must be a quality present that reaches beyond what this world has to suggest, and that quality, the Church through her Faith has been able to give.

Inasmuch as sublimity shades off into beauty, it can readily be understood that where the true sources of the one emotion are to be found, the true sources of the other will be present. In the employment of every one of the arts, the emotion by which people are to be affected will depend upon the purpose which the artist has in view. If this purpose designs to produce the gentler and more pleasing, as well as the more lasting feelings, then he will necessarily use such suggestions as will produce a sensation of quietness and serenity. Pleasurable feeling must be the objective. If for instance, the massiveness and grandeur of a cathedral be toned down to the dimensions of an ordinary dwelling, or those of a jewel case, the feeling of sublimity will be exchanged for that of beauty. The same spirit, therefore, which enabled the Church to urge artists to portray their sublime emotions will induce them to use color, form, and figure in their designs to call forth pleasing associations in the minds

of people. That this has been done, and that more successfully under the guiding influence of the Church than under the sway of any other agency, is amply witnessed by the more tender, the more inspiring, the more attractive and elevating sensation of delight experienced by any one who contemplates her artistic representations.

What reason though can be advanced to justify the assumption as here made? Does lofty inspiration alone proceed from art that is indicated as such by the index of religion? Certainly, there are visualized embodiments of fancies and emotions that have nothing at all to do with religious influences that must be classified as art. Many of these make just claims to genuine beauty. When there is question, however, of transmitting the highest feelings that man can experience, the purest, the most enjoyable emotions by which the human mind can be swayed, then it will readily be plain to anybody who reflects only a little that those representations that have soul and spirit plus the usual requirements of art will necessarily be of a superior kind. Who would not find his feelings stirred more profoundly when viewing a masterpiece in painting portraying the Divine Infant than when looking at a masterpiece displaying a bed of flowers? A Madonna, an angel, a heroic saint pictured by the brush of a great master will always affect the holder with loftier feelings than will a

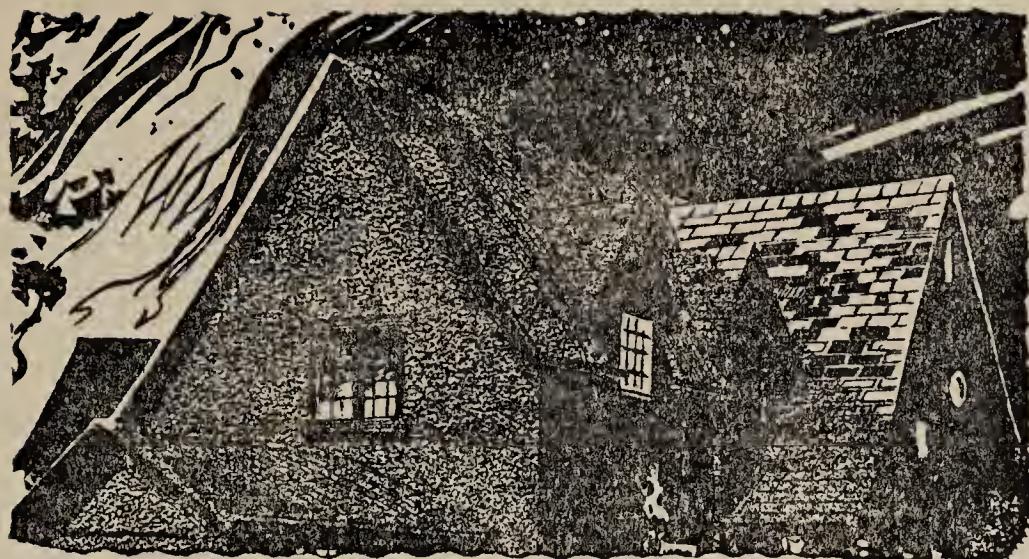
pastoral scene coming from the same hand. Where there is spirit there is fire at which the mind can warm itself, and no one has done more to kindle this fire in the realms of art than the Church has done.

The entire domain of art might be rummaged through with every prospect of arriving at the same conclusions as have already been indicated, but certainly not without meeting with many objections to the conclusions drawn, from those whose horizon of life does not reach beyond this physical world. Yet in spite of the fact that this sketch must remain badly incomplete, one other division of art should not be allowed to go unnoticed, namely, music. Like in the other arts, so in music, those who have immortalized themselves, clearly enough had warmed both their hands at the fire of Christian Faith. Hence it is that the "Alma" as set to music by Palestrina; the "Oculi Omnia" by

Fr. Koenen; the "Ave Maria" of Schubert, and innumerable other productions of similar rank in perfection, have about themselves a glory and an artistic beauty which is otherwise unexcelled in the entire complex of musical art. One might reach out for illustrations almost indefinitely in this enormous field in which voice and instrument have been made subservient to express the highest beauty in harmony as inspired by the spirit, the Faith, and the guiding influence of the Church.

Plainly then, man may achieve wonders in the field of art; he may by forms and notes interchange feelings; he may stir the most dormant emotions of his fellowmen by his skill and technique, but only if he will draw from the everlasting spirit of the Church that fire which will shine with the glory of a halo over his works can he expect to reach that perfection which the highest art implies.





## *The Mad Hatters*

Eddie Williams '34

I'M walkin' down State Street. See? I'm feelin' kinda jittery. I dunno why I'm feelin' low down, but I guess you know how it is when a fellow gets the blues sometimes and can't figure out why he's got 'em.

I'm just easyin' along, giving all those high-falutin' restaurants the once over. I see a lot of those dried up weasel-faced birds sittin' around with a look on their pans like prohibition done come back. All those poor little saps do is sit there all starched out with the little white tie and the gates-ajar collar and watch some big hefty dame absorb enough caviar to feed th' starvin' Cubans in China. I'm gettin' fed up watchin' those swanky birds tryin' to put on the dog and act ritzy when they don't feel that way. So, instead of goin' in and eatin' a la carte, I make up my mind to go down to Tony's lunch wagon and eat by the cart.

I never did go in big for that a la carte stuff 'cause I never did find a headwaiter yet who could

hold a good conversation. Tony might not know all the words in the American lingo, but he sure can dish out all the late news with his hash. I'm one of those kinda guys who likes to have a little conversation while he's servin' the inner man.

But while I'm walkin' along, I get to thinkin' that mebbe I don't want to talk to anybody anyway. So, before I get to Tony's wagon, I turn in at some little hash house called "Greek Restaurant."

Well, I hardly climb a pedestal when some big Italian comes chargin' at me.

"What'll ya hav', ma frien'?"

"A couple of doughnuts and a cup of coffee". He turns toward the kitchen and yells,

"One Java an' a pair o' slugs."

He wipes his greasy hands on his apron, leans kinda close with his elbows on the counter and starts talkin'.

"Antone essa ma name. I'm a no Greek like da sign outside say. De las' fellar run dees restaurant

was a Greek. I geet it from heem. I don't taka da trouble to change da sign. See?"

I tell him, "yeah, I understand." Then I see the coffee and doughnuts pop up into the little Punch and Judy contraption that opens to the kitchen, but Antone don't pay no attention; he just raves on. Everytime he opens his trap the essence of garlic drifts out of his vestibule and since I got the jitters anyway, I start gettin' sore. I slap a dime down on the counter thinkin' that maybe Antone will catch on, but he don't. He rings up "no sale" on the cash register and keeps on. I yell at him,

"Gimme those doughnuts." He grabs the doughnuts, sits 'em down kinda sheepish like; then keeps on talkin'. So I keep inhalin' garlic, and keep on gettin' hotter. If I'd have on a celluloid collar it'd go up in flames. About the time I choke down the last doughnut, I'm fit to be tied. I slide off that stool and head for the door before I do somethin' rash. Antone shouts,

"Come back to see me som' time."

As I'm tearin' through the door I pass another guy on his way in. I kinda stop for a second but just long enough to hear Antone holler.

"One cow juice and two of da straw stacks."

That guy must have ordered shredded wheat and milk. I look back and, gosh, I feel sorry for the poor bird 'cause Antone is warmin' up to him.

I'm mopin' up one street and

down the other when I get to thinkin' that I oughta either go back to my room or go over to Marie's house 'cause I told the landlady if the Tribune office calls me to give them Marie's telephone number and have 'em call there. I know I ain't in no mood to be goin' to see Marie now, but before I know it I'm hailin' a cab.

I'm ridin' along, and all of a sudden I notice that the guy has still got the "vacant" sign up on the windshield. When we pull up in front of Marie's house, I climb out and while I'm payin' the driver I point to the sign and say,

"It looks like I don't rate much with you buddy." He just gives me a blank look and says "Huh?" I can see it went over his head like the Graf Zeppelin.

I must look like I feel 'cause Antone rings me up as "no sale," and this guy rides me around under a "vacant" sign.

Well, when I ring the door bell I'm feelin' so low down would have to reach up to tie my shoe string. Marie comes to the door, and as soon as she looks at me she says, "Eddie, what's the matter?" Right then I know I must look like a walkin' cemetery.

We go inside and sit down, and I tell her I got the blues and don't know why I got 'em. Well, she starts talkin' and just keeps on talkin', and pretty soon I get to thinkin' that maybe I'm feelin' better. About ever so often she flashes me one of those "Pepsodent smiles,"

and every time she smiles she shows a set of ivory that would make a million dollar "ad" for any tooth paste company. Pretty soon I start doin' some talkin' myself. Every time I look in her eyes I say to myself, "The eyes have got IT." The more I look at those eyes the quicker I lose the jitters, and after about a half hour, I'm havin' the time of my life—just talkin'. All the while we're talkin' I keep thinkin' about how good I'm feelin', and how it was Marie and nothin' else that did it. I even get feelin' poetic. I think that now is as good a time as any to put that fatal question to her, so I take a deep breath and start.

I guess she knows what I'm gonna say 'cause she looks so, so, so—well I can't explain it. She just looks swell that's all. I lead off,

"Marie I been thinkin' things over and I—" Then the doggone telephone rings.

Marie answers it, and it's the Tribune office tellin' me to scram out to some mansion out on South Calumet where some nut is raisin' a rumpus.

Well, I call a cab, grab my hat, and get goin'.

When we pull up in front of that old mansion I can see right away that there ain't nothin' cheerful about this job.

The old house is sittin' up on a little hill with a couple of dead pine trees stickin' up around it. The windows have got that blank-

stare look about 'em, and as soon as I look at 'em I think about the eyes of "Tremblin' Tony," a nut that used to hang out with the gang back in St. Louis.

Well, the moonlight is kinda pourin' itself over the landscape, and it makes things look kinda ghastly.

When I climb out of the taxi I ain't feelin' so jovial. I pay the driver, and then he pulls off, and I fell kinda lonesome. I walk through the old stone gateway and up the drive. The silence is so quiet, you can hear it. Before I know it I catch myself tip toeing up the front lawn. That makes me kinda mad, so I starts whistlin', and all of a sudden a flash light spots me. I feel my heart take a sudden jump that almost knocks my teeth out. I ain't exactly scared though, but you know how it is when something strikes you kinda sudden like. I hear a big voice boom,

"Whatcha doin' 'round here?" I kinda get out a half whispered "Nuthin'." I see it's a cop that hollered at me, and I flash him my reporter's badge.

Flashin' that badge is kinda gettin' to be second nature with me. I do it now without thinkin'.

Well, after I explain myself he starts explainin' hisself. He tells me that his name is O'Brien and that about five minutes ago him and three other fuzzies drove their car around to the back yard. He says two of the coppers are already inside searchin' while he is watchin'

the house from the front, and the other cop is by the machine in the rear.

O'Brien says there is a guy a hangin' out in there that has bats in his belfry. When O'Brien tells me that the nut's name is Doctor Christopher Hatter, I kinda laugh and say,

"I guess he's another Mad Hatter". I can see O'Brien don't catch it.

I guess he didn't see the picture "Alice in Wonderland." I wouldn't have seen it either, except that Marie asked me to take her.

Well, in about a minute O'Brien gives me the whole story. When he gets finished, I know that the Hatters were a family of doctors. One after another they kinda disappeared. Nobody knows where they went, and nobody took enough interest to find out. This Doctor Christopher Hatter is the only one left. Up to a week ago, nobody bothered him, and he didn't bother anybody. Then he took a notion to go prowlin' around at night scarin' people. The people around there claim that sometimes in the middle of the night the old Doctor would climb out on the balcony over the porch and let out yells that would make chills run up and down your spine for the next couple of hours. Then O'Brien says,

"The folks around here put in a complaint this afternoon. They want to have the old bird sent up to the nut hatchery; so we came here tonight to git him."

I thank O'Brien for the "info" and start toward the door. Then I turn around and ask him,

"Where abouts inside are your buddies." He shakes his head and says "I dunno. They went in that door, and I ain't heard from 'em since." That don't sound so cheerful to me, so I pull the little steel puff box out of my pocket to make sure she's full of ammunition.

I push open the squeaky door and stumble into a room full of blackness. I pull out my spot light and flash it around, and I'm surprised to see there ain't a piece of furniture in the whole room. There ain't nothin' there except dust, dirt, and spider webs. I open the door to the next room, and a bat flies at my head. I duck, and keep on movin'. I cover the whole first floor and don't see nuthin' but bare rooms. Then I start climbin' the stair case and every time I take a step I think the thing is gonna break down. When I get to the top I'm in an empty hall. This is the most forsaken lookin' joint I ever been in. I snap off my light for a second just to see how dark it really is. At the far end of the hall I can see one little strip of sickly lookin' moonlight filterin' through a crack in the wall. The rest of the hall is just full of thick blackness, so thick that it makes you feel like you're gonna choke. I flash on my light again real quick and open the first door. Boy! Do I get a shock?

There are bones draped all over

the floor and walls. That room looks like a grave yard turned inside out. Right then I know what became of all the other Mad Hatters.

I shove through the next door. My light reflects on a row of jars and glass ware. I go up close to see what's in 'em. Then I kinda break out in a cold sweat 'cause those jars are filled with brains, hearts, and all kinds of internal anatomy preserved in alcohol. I can see this ain't no place to have a Sunday-school picnic.

I go through three more rooms, and they all got the same scenery as downstairs; nothin' but, dust, dirt, and spider webs. But I'm due for a thrill 'cause when I open the next door I see things I ain't never seen before.

The first thing my light spots is a coffin with food scraps scattered over the top of it. I imagine the Hatters were a cheerful lookin' bunch when they gathered for their evenin' meal. In the far corner of the room is an open casket filled with bed clothes. These Hatters sure had a novel way of doin' the ordinary things of life. A couple of rats run across the floor and stop long enough to look at me as much as to say, "Don't mind us, we just help haunt this place." There is a table in the center of the room full of test tubes, dissecting instruments, and a few other dangerous lookin' things. Then the thought strikes me that there are supposed to be two coppers some-

where in this joint. I glide over to the next door and turn the knob —it's locked.

Then from somewhere comes the hysterical laugh of a lunatic. I drop my flash. I pick it up quick. It won't go on. Then that wild laugh comes again. I hear somebody yell, and it sounds about a million miles away. Then I hear footsteps runnin' up the stairs. I fumble in my pocket for my rod, and it seems like eternity before I find it. I know there is somethin' near me 'cause I can hear loud pants like a beast after a long run. Then right next to my ear is the idiotic giggle of a maniac. I wanna holler for help, but my throat feels tight. I get hot and cold sweat, chills and a creepin' scalp all at once.

All of a sudden the door busts open, and the room is flooded with the light of a couple of flashes. Standin' right next to me is the mad Doctor with a nasty grin on his pan. He is all crouched like he is ready to spring. I stick my gat in his mug, and he starts glidin' back toward the wall. Out of the corner of my eye I see two coppers with flashes and rods edgin' in toward the madman. Neither of these two fuzzies is O'Brien, so I take a guess that they are the two in this house all the time. I ain't got much time to think about the coppers though. I'm too busy watchin' the mad Hatter. He is backin' toward the window. All of a sudden the maniac straightens up and lets out one of those hysterical laughs that vibrate

in every corner of the mansion. Then he turns and with a wild scream goes crashin' through the window. I hear a thud when the body hits the ground below.

Me and the coppers just stand still for a second; then we turn and start runnin' for the stairs.

When we're runnin' through the first floor I yell, "Where you guys been?" One of the pantin' cops answers, "We've been examinin' the three cellars in this joint." Just like a fuzzy.

We scram around the side of the house and in the dull moonlight we can see O'Brien stoopin' over a crumpled heap. O'Brien looks up an' says, "Too late. He just cashed in."

When I come crashin' into the drug store the guy behind the counter looks at me like I'm stagin' a hold up. I pant out, "Where's the telephone?" He just points and I almost knock a slot machine over gettin' to the thing.

I drop in a nickle, twirl the dial till I get the Tribune office. I get

connected up with one of the rewrite guys called Stooge, and it don't take me long to tell him the story about the old Doctor that was as cracked as the liberty bell.

After that's finished, I pull out another five cent piece and call Marie. When she answers the telephone I say, "Sorry, honey, to wake you up this time of night, but I want to tell you that I'll be around tomorrow to finish that conversation." I'm a man of few words, but those few words I do say mean plenty.

When I'm goin' out the door I reach in my pocket and find out I only got one more nickle with me. I can't even ride a street car for that.

I look back, and that slot machine catches my eye. I always was a fellow that would take a chance. I kinda sneak up on the thing; drop the nickle in the slot and jerk the handle. I hear a whirring sound; then a jingle and ninety-five cents comes dancin' down the chute. Whatta night! Whatta night!





## On a Cathedral

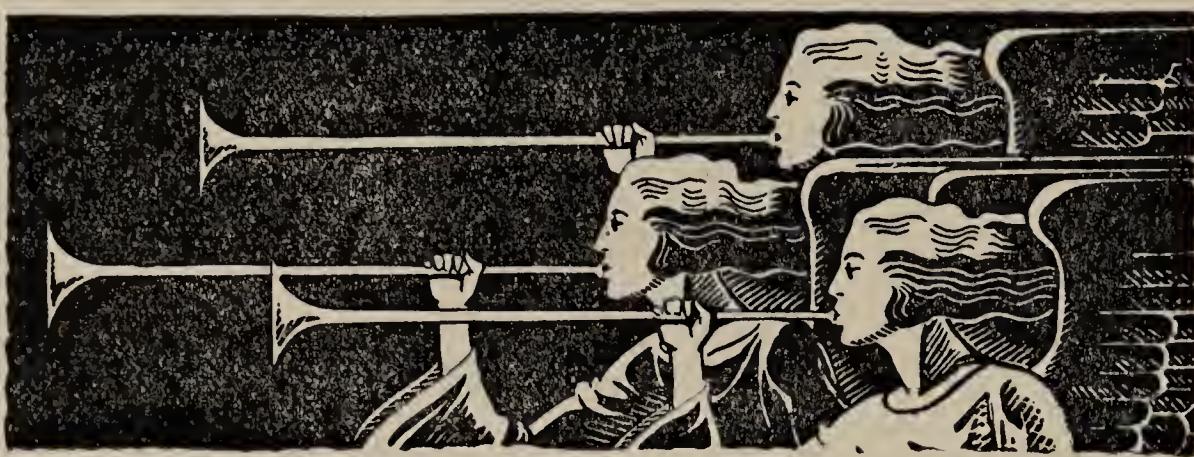
A. Traser '34

O problem there in granite stone!  
O hallowed place of God's abode!  
Some deep mysterious rites I ween  
Are printed in thy rocky code.

Within thy walls sweet angel songs  
Make sooth to tired souls that seek  
Some quiet solace 'neath thy dome  
Where Christ our Lord to them may speak.

'Mong those who visit at thy shrine  
There may be some who would deface  
The glory of thy massive frame,  
Forgetful of God's dwelling place.

But through all years to time's decline  
A "Sursum Corda" thou must sing,  
E'en if thy charms man will neglect  
To God's high throne thy voice must ring.



## Resurrection

F. Gannon '34

The Cross, a deathbed, to which Christ was nailed  
Would hide itself in darkness; and the sun  
In shame put out its light, as if were done  
Its daily task. But Him, Whom love impaled,  
Not nails could hold, nor darkness hide. How fail  
The rabble in its deeds of blood! For won  
Is now His victory over death. Let run  
The wheel of time; Christ rises, death must wail.

So too, in turn, for us shall come the tomb;  
Oh, may it be as that where Christ's corpse lay!  
May angels' songs for us relieve the gloom.  
Until in glorious light Christ comes to say,  
"My child, you too must rise from Death's sad pall  
For now the world shall know I've conquered all."

# *Concert at Ten--An Impression*

Edward McCarthy '35

IN the hall, as a presage of a biting winter, programs rustled. Abruptly a hush, expected or unexpected, caused all lips to tighten in silent faces. I seized my wind; my grip about the shiny brass rail closed firmly; my—if only! Ah, the golden bellying curtain swept to the sides, collecting in column-like folds set off by black chasms—thick tapestry of the New York Symphony Orchestra! The musicians appeared to be banked in a semi-circle of starched cuffs; of spectacles and wavy hair-covered heads; of order and poise; of violins and bass viols; of trumpets and woodwinds; of drums; of faces; of yellow lights and flaring sheets of white light.

Sir Henry, the conductor, hastened along the edge of the narrow proscenium, succeeded in ascending the dais, bowed, caressed the score and tested his oiled shoulder blades. Silence! Sir Henry flung up his white baton; rent the air with his elbows — Antonio Rossini! there stood Rossini! “Overture to the Opera, William Tell!”

Dawn! strange dawn. Clear, filmy sky—the warm sun creeps joyously. Wet grass. Flowers move. Streets sleep, and cobble stones and houses and sheds and leaning lamp-posts likewise.

Unseen, clouds piece together and grow heavy. The sun slips away. Portentous! It comes—the ‘Storm’—pounds and thunders and

beats, bellows and roars, detonating loud explosions, heaving and bulging and crashing. Passion! The orchestra throbs. Trees bend to smack the ground. Rain drenches—torrents of fresh water! Air thrashes about, wrestling and rushing, flying and hissing, dancing. Rain swirls and slashes and piles up to fall down like thundering boulders. Screaming, piercing, tearing the wind acts. Lightning reaches down to cut out a swath, writhes, dangles, pounces and twists, vanishes, leaps out again and strikes, hurling bolts of light full into hollow thunderclaps. Confusing! Disastrous! Mighty!—then—calm again.

Peace! Calm! Clean streets and dripping brown earth; the soaked walls of houses look fresh. Soft, permeating light. On the silent air pass the sweet notes of birds. Saturated, rough tree trunks regard saturated sleek tree trunks. And glossy, veined leaves dry themselves. Speckled window panes and gurgling gutters! Violets, very purple. Vigor!

Now—resolute, the Finale! Victory! crack! bang! a flash of flashing bows, hammering hammers, blare over blare on blare, blasts—stillness—swing, swing; racing staccato blows—a pause—rending, final snap. —The end.

I left the hall. I walked. On the train to Boston, I sat and—I thought, I mused, stared, reflected.

The musical creation would not leave my mind; what I had seen and heard would not leave my mind. I recalled what Plato said, "—then, since what is pleasant to sight and hearing is beautiful, whatever is not of this class of pleasant things clearly cannot be beautiful. Will anybody dare to disagree?" My impression forbids.

---



### Home, Forgotten

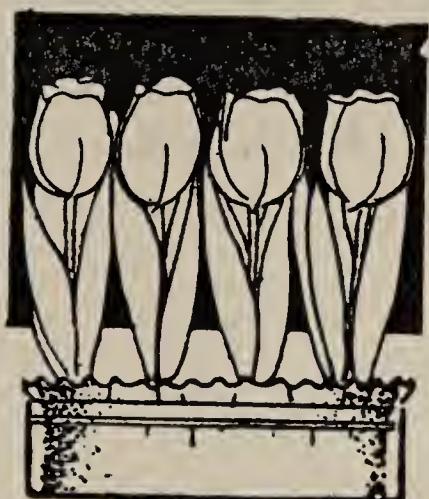
E. J. Sandrick '37

Though sunny skies be o'er my head,  
And streams and braes around me spread;  
My gaze is clouded with regret  
For that sweet home I'll not forget.

Though age grow bleak in winter's snow,  
Yet in my ears in whispers low  
There comes a thought how I would greet  
Those smiles that play on faces sweet.

The curving road, I know it well,  
Is trod again at evening's bell  
By my own feet 'long fields and streams  
To meet the fond ones of my dreams.

To that old home, I wept to leave,  
Where hearts with love, from morn till eve,  
To see me come, sincerely yearn,  
O grant me, God, a safe return!



## Spring, The King

E. S. Maziarz '35

I seized one only minute,  
I, the Spring,  
But as quick as time that's in it,  
I scurried out and walked in majesty  
Like a king beneath the bowing trees,  
Listening to the snowflakes sing,  
Rejoicing in their playful ring,  
Seeing white and white unceasing,  
Till I was in Winter—Spring.

White plumes of fir trees, wildly  
Stood at guard,  
While above these shimmered mildly  
Sheets of white. But wind's hard whistling shout  
Now called to fight both me and Winter grim.

Then lo! one mighty bough dared  
Stoop so low, its snow it bared  
Upon poor me—the trumpets blared  
And hissing winds in battle flared.

Who would be victor in this fight?  
One might guess  
That it would rage deep into night  
If neither yielded. Ho, I, King, emerged  
Triumphant, happy, with the victor's crown.  
The wind howled on far into night,  
And stormed with shell and snowy white,  
And roared with heavy cannon's might—  
But Winter then left off the fight.





## Editorial

### A STEP FARTHER

THE latest development at St. Joseph's is the organization of a Glee Club. On February 21st, the Club merged into existence with the encouraging number of seventy-five 'ayes' calling for enrollment. Under the able leadership of Professor Paul C. Tonner, the Club should very quickly evolve into a competent organization.

Sporadic attempts were made in former years to organize a Glee Club at this institution, but for reasons unknown, the Club failed to continue its existence. Coming as a big surprise right now, with much enthusiasm and a Faculty decision behind it, great hopes are entertained that the Club will be a permanent activity at St. Joseph's. It will certainly provide an excellent chance for a larger number of students to receive much desired vocal training.

With the Monogram Club forging along nicely, new creation though it is, and the Glee Club budding into being, a new endeavor in every respect, who will say that progress is not the watchword at the local school throughout this year? To be sure, these matters belong to extra-curricular activities, but they are beneficial and are most thoroughly welcomed by the students.

Within a few years, the Glee Club will, beyond any doubt, prove to be one of the most successful organizations at St. Joseph's. It is earnestly hoped that it will bring renown to the school through its competitive ability. Good voices take well wherever they are heard and always prove to be an excellent advertisement.

J. W. M.

### THE CHILD-LABOR AMENDMENT

Who could doubt that our legislative bodies would be sufficiently busy right now with the numerous theories in government that are confronting them without finding it necessary to use time in playing with democracy. But they do find time for play. Rather cheerfully

they proceeded to manifest a choice bit of legislative genius in the guise of something serious, but really essentially diverting, namely, the Child-Labor Amendment.

The wonder is that this piece of legislation is passing along so complacently with state ratifications

piling in on it. Will no one stop to give its implications a mental airing? Is it hard for wise or 'otherwise' heads to see that the word "labor" is a real "nigger in the woodpile" when considering the implications of that word as used in the Amendment? Decisions, time-honored in character, and coming from the Supreme Court contend that the word "labor," when employed in a constitutional amendment, must not be construed as having but one signification. Thus the word labor embraces every species of employment, mental as well as physical. Now the amendment contains the words, "Congress shall have the power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." How wide shall the meaning of the word "labor" be interpreted? Is there no danger that its interpretation will be made wide enough to interfere with the accustomed routine of labor in home life, as Nicholas M. Butler indicates? It may do that very thing in the home and in the school as well.

What then are youths under eighteen supposed to do with themselves? If the father asks his son who is but seventeen to come and help with the chores, is the son to reply, "Can't do it, Dad, I'm not eighteen? If the Mother asks her seventeen-year-old daughter to help sweep the house, must she not reply, "Can't do it, Mother, I'm not yet eighteen? If the Teacher asks his pupil to study the assigned les-

sons, would it not be logical for the pupil to answer, "Can't do it, Teacher, I'm not yet eighteen?" It may look very inviting to youth to have a situation of this kind inaugurated, as it would result in more than enough time for games, movies and sleep. But what about the necessity of laying the foundation of one's fortune by the time the fortieth year in age rolls along? Will a bare twenty-two years be enough for that important purpose? More than likely twice that period of years is not enough to secure a fortune in the case of fully two-thirds of the people. Hence to keep anybody out of lucrative employment before the 18th year has been reached is simply putting his fortune at a serious risk.

But is it not highly conducive for general education to keep youths away from labor—physical labor, of course—up to the 18th year of age? Surely, it were beautiful in life if this were true. But it is the nasty thing of life that this is not true. If it were evident, that in the general run of life, people were adapted to receive what may be called an advanced education, all would be good and well in this regard. But there is no such general adaptation. The one and only thing for which people are generally adapted as far as mortal life is concerned is "to wear the breeches," and beyond that fact there is no general equalized adaptability for anything, not for food, drink, sleep, labor; no, not even

for breathing the air. If a person is inclined to be an ax-man, then let his muscles be trained early for the ax; if he is inclined to be a bookman, then let him learn early how to handle a book; but don't force the ax-man to be a bookman beyond what is consistent with the nature of the ax. And so it is with everything else in human life.

Recently in the magazine entitled "America" an article appeared by a young man, who put the blame squarely for all the things for which he was blamed on the shoulders of those of middle age and beyond. He was right in his contentions up to the last line which he wrote in that article. The things he there laid to the charge of his elders are precisely the things that the Child-Labor Amendment would foster. To be dandled on the knee, as he indicates, in outright opposition to what the vigor and punch of youth de-

mand is responsible for much of what is called youthful mischief. Plainly, if older people do not wish to "shuffle off their mortal coils," then, at least, they should not demand the entire place in God's sunlight for themselves. But the Child Labor Amendment designs to give them all that place. Let those in the government who have concocted that Amendment, together with the states that are to ratify it, realize that youth should have its rights and chances long before the 18th year comes along; let those rights and chances be backed up by a definite, capital MUST in what youth undertakes, and the present younger generation will grow up to be older people of superior quality. But in the face of the demands of youth, the Child-Labor Amendment is plainly nothing short of being an atrocity worthy of a Russian anarchist.

A. F. H.

---

## March

C. Bowling '34

O March, in thee farewell and welcome meet;  
Farewell to Winter; welcome to fair Spring!  
Upon the sleigh bells' shrill, clear note, thy frown  
Imposes silence. But e'er long a-new  
Will rise a sweeter music than these bells  
Could call from discord into harmony.  
At thy behest, the wintry winds will cease  
To moan, and zephyrs soft will strum the skies.

'Tis then, thy bride, young Spring, arrayed in green,  
Will walk in comely step with thee o'er fields,  
And wave her wand, as sign that flowers must awake  
From that deep sleep which Winter had imposed,  
And ope their eyes and greet with happy smiles  
Thy wedding, March, with thy sweet youthful bride.



# Alumni



DELVING into the archives of St. Joseph's Alumni Association is always an interesting experience. Recently the editors of this column did just this thing and made several interesting discoveries. The most important among these findings is that St. Joseph's has its alumni scattered over thirty-five out of the forty-eight states of the U. S. Singularly enough, though our college town is located in Indiana, the state of Ohio claims the larger number of St. Joseph's alumni, the number reaching in excess of five hundred. Furthermore, there are alumni of St. Joseph's living in Belgium, Austria, China, Australia, Italy, Canada, and the Philippine Islands. Among all of these, the names, "Smith" and "Myers," would respond most prominently to any roll call.

That Norbert "Mice" Missler, '33, the spunky little man who always claimed to know all about St. Joseph's from highway to byway, would now find himself badly puzzled if he were to visit his Alma Mater is generally believed. "Mice," we want you to know that the landed territory all around St. Joseph's has changed considerably since last you put in your appearance. Your former reputation for being a walking volume of "Where's Where," "Who's Who," and "What's What" is rapid-

ly slipping when there is question of affairs here at the old school. Beyond doubt, however, St. Charles Seminary has given you all the opportunity you could desire to explore territory, and with that liberty at your disposal, you will, it is supposed, be contented until future times give you a chance to visit St. Joseph's again. Certainly, we shall be glad to see you.

It gives us pleasure to see the name of Raphael Gross, '32, connected with a fine story in the "Messenger of the Precious Blood." Raphael was always handy with pen or pencil. Go to it, old boy!

Joseph Lenk, '33, the man who could amply fill any executive position that would come his way, has carried with him to St. Mary's College in Kentucky, his unquenchable thirst for dramatic art and literature. The result has been that Joe, aided by his loyal friend, Francis "Panky" Elder, '34, has been instrumental in organizing the Society of the Maryites along the lines of our own famous Columbian Literary Society of which he was at one time vice-president. Joe, we highly commend you for your praiseworthy accomplishment in being the organizer of a club, which, we are sure, will endure as long as your new Alma Mater.

Russell Scheidler, '25, is complet-

ing his studies for the priesthood this year at St. Mary's, Baltimore, Maryland. He will be ordained by Bishop Hayes for the diocese of Helena, Montana, where he will take up his duties. It will be rememb-

ered that Russell, familiarly known as "Rusty," starred as a guard on the varsity basketball team in 1925, and was also Turner Ward for three years at St. Joseph's.

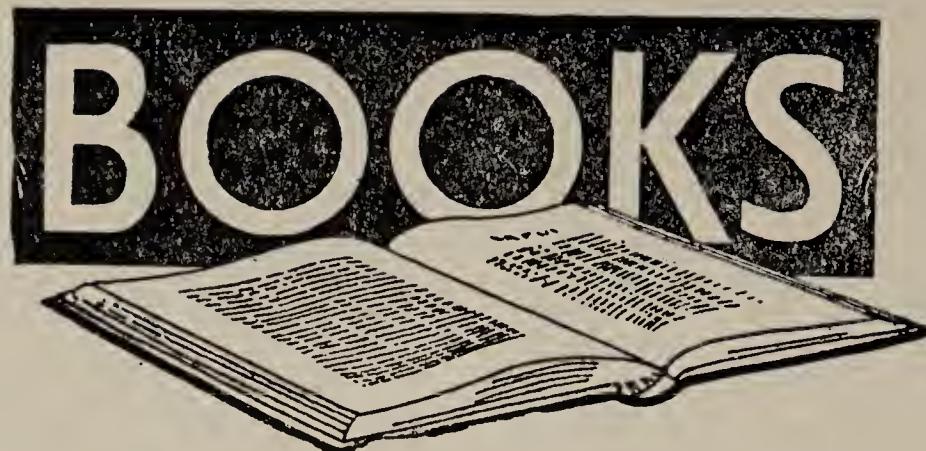
D. J. A.

### The Winged Winds

E. I. Hession '35

You come from wilds afar to weave a song  
Of wrath and hate, you fearless winged winds;  
You drift the snows, and through the Winter long  
You fill the deadened earth with howl and moan.  
But when the clock of time declares the day  
To be at hand for Spring's soft nurse to sooth  
Your chilling fever, then without delay  
You brush the icy braiding from your curls  
And trip along 'neath sunny skies as gay  
As if he were your enemy who hurls  
The shafts that kill the trees and flowers  
When all the while 'twas you yourselves who wrought  
The saddening mischief that you now bewail.

Hence when, as rough winds shake the buds of June,  
The cruel storms of sorrow grieve my heart  
I shall recall that I am out of tune  
With those sweet notes that sound the better part  
Of life. Then keen resolves, though borne of sighs,  
Shall make me seek the perfume of the rose,  
Which in the shadows that surround me, lies,  
For surely life has sweetness in full store  
If only I will crush fell sorrow's thorns  
And bid joy's light to shine where all was night  
Before. The wind of sadness then, which mourns,  
Will lull, and days will shine with pleasant light.



## THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME

By Antonio De Fierro Blanco

ANTONIO Blanco, eager to perpetuate his vast knowledge of lower California's history and early civilization, has cleverly constructed an autobiographical narrative, "The Journey of the Flame." I, for one, am glad that he so decided, not because his method is new, for it is not, but because it is likeable. This book, which may be called fiction, is an array of facts. Since, however, there are many facts, there is little filling-in-fiction. The author's leisurely recital allows the "Flame," Don Juan Obrigon, to ramble off the subject, thus producing a quasi book of delightful essays.

After the barbecue of bull's meat, Don Obrigon's friends and those who care to listen have become silent. The old man is about to tell what he has seen and learned from life. He should have done so four years ago, on his hundredth birthday. He begins. In this year 1810 Don Firmin Sanhudo, commissioned by the king of Spain to investigate and report the condition of his majesty's colonies in the New World, set out from the tip of lower California. Because Juan had

killed a church robber, who had nine brothers with quick daggers, he joined Don Firmin's retinue. The train plodded northward, inspecting the Jesuit missions, many of which were in decay, finally reaching the San Francisco Bay. Juan's narrative is digressive. Folklore, myths, legends of saints, ways of the desert, customs, superstitions, and information about mules, fishes, plants, rivers and houses are written down. The devotion of Juan to Dona Ysabel, Don Firmin's wife, and the day-by-day progress of the motley train bind together the account of the hazardous journey.

Although "The Journey of the Flame" is a history, it is essentially a picture of Lower California, while the colony is slipping from Spain's grasp. In another sense this book is the autobiography of Juan Obrigon. For Juan, who seldom, listening always and never forgetting, discloses his own character; his humor, tact, and satire.

This book's odd style is fascinating; it is hardly swinging; it is "Englished," and Latin, and full of many dialect words. Blanco's sentences are, however, clear and clean

cut. Moreover, each sentence is definite. The style is not a style to be followed, but rather a style to be studied, because it comes from a man who stands aloof, who, as he himself says, has no imagination, and who deals only with facts. I think that this style is sticky and exacting. Yet withal, I do not say that the book should be shunted,

for primarily it is a living, happy, absorbing tale. Furthermore, it reveals graphically an obscured area of American history and civilization.

I caution anyone that, before beginning to read "The Journey of the Flame," there is one thing to do; resolve to proceed leisurely.

E. Mc.

### ANGEL IN THE HOUSE

By Kathleen Norris

Love is ever an interesting theme for a novel. Kathleen Norris' latest work, "Angel in the House," is based on a love theme; in fact, the story is developed somewhat in the manner of these modern "eternal triangle" stories.

The novel centers around Lee Fargo, a widow of several years. Although middle-aged, she has much personality. She is a charming hostess. Her life is one of activity, divided between histrionics and horticultural work. After a life of trials and hardships following the death of her husband, Lee again finds pleasure in the companionship of her many friends. Judson Calhoun is the sedate young lover. He comes to California in the interest of his father's hotel business. Although coming from a wealthy family, Judson has not tasted much of the pains of life because of the conservative ideas of his mother. It, therefore, seems to be a case of love at first sight when he meets Lee Fargo. Angel, Lee's eighteen-year-old daughter, who was abroad

with her aunt, suddenly returns home saying that she had run away from the man she was supposed to have married in France. The child is a neurotic, although in her poetry she seems to be a mystic. She eschews the company of Judson Calhoun and becomes jealous of her mother's companion. But her jealousy and envy soon turn into love. When Judson perceives this fact he leaves for Honolulu, telling Lee that he has some business interests there. Angel, however, follows him, even on his boat. She wishes to marry him, but Judson will not hear of such a thing. Nevertheless, Angel sends a telegram to her mother that she and Judson are married. But then Angel cannot go through the ordeal and returns home. Judson returns later and explains the situation to Lee who understands.

"It's you and me, always now, isn't it, Lee?"

"'Till the sun grows cold,'" Lee said, "'and the stars are old, and the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold'."

Even though Mrs. Norris' characters have appeal and personality, her delineation of them is often flaccid. Her characters lack that virile vitality which is necessary to

portray living people. The story however, does have much local color of that golden state, California.

J. L. A.

---

## Happiness Alone

J. Gedden '37

Let me alone!  
I flee from thee, thou World;  
Thy gifts are vain;  
Of thee naught will remain.

The sweetest glee  
Is not within thy gift,  
Oh World! but comes  
Despite thy loud acclaim.

Concealed in mist  
Through which no sunbeams bright  
Can pour their light  
All things on thee exist.

Oh, let me go  
Where I may find true joy,  
Such as alone  
My soul can satisfy.

If tinsel show  
No worth for me contains;  
Then joy must be  
Where God Almighty reigns.



## ===== LOCALS =====

### GOLDEN JUBILEE

ON March 11th, Laetare Sunday, all Collegeville had a very special reason for rejoicing. It was the day on which Brother Victor, C. PP. S. celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a member of the Society of the Precious Blood. A Solemn High Mass, according to the personal intention of the good Brother, was sung by the Rev. Maurice Ehleringer, C. PP. S., who was assisted by the Rev. Bernard Condon, C. PP. S., as Deacon, and by the Rev. Clement Falter, C. PP. S. as Subdeacon. The Rev. Frank Eucker, C. PP. S. was Master of Ceremonies.

For more than fifty years, Brother Victor, whose family name is Zuber, has been a thoroughly faithful member of the Society of the Precious Blood. It was in 1882 that he directed his way to the Mother House of the Society located at Carthagena, Ohio, coming as he did

at the time from his home town, Fishingen, Switzerland, where he was born in 1859, November 12.

After completing the period of his novitiate, he was sent to Ft. Recovery, Ohio, where he remained for one year and was then recalled to Carthagena to take up the duties of infirmarian at St. Charles Seminary. At this institution, he served as infirmarian for ten years. On December 3, 1894, he was sent to St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana, where in the same capacity of infirmarian, he served uninterruptedly for thirty-five years. During the last five of the forty years he has spent at St. Joseph's, he has been busy at various jobs, one of these is carrying the U. S. mail to and from Collegeville.

It is this particular job as mail carrier that Brother Victor has held without intermission since 1900. He

still holds it. By making two daily trips to the neighboring town of Rensselaer, he has accumulated a mileage during these years that runs up to seventy-five thousand miles, in other words, a distance equalling three times the circumference of the earth. It is the ardent hope of all at St. Joseph's that he will continue carrying the mail for many years to come, though, as a matter of fact, he likely holds even now the record for length of service among all the mail carriers in the state of Indiana. Hardly any other sight is more welcomed in all Collegeville than is Brother Victor with his honest-to-goodness "stage coach" mail wagon when he returns from Rensselaer, and that twice a day, bringing papers, letters, packages and a multitude of other things. Particularly is this so during the seasons of Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter. Especially

at Christmas, he is a most likeable Santa Claus. The joy he has brought to thousands of hearts at this blest season during all his past years as mail carrier makes everybody in Collegeville hope that he will continue hustling the mail for years to come.

But it is Brother Victor's kind personality and his earnest religious character that have made him loved by all with whom he came in contact. Neither his position as infirmarian, nor as mail carrier, nor any other work to which he was assigned, has been allowed by him to interfere with his duties as a Brother in religion. May he enjoy God's blessing to the close of his life as surely as he has the most hearty congratulations of all at St. Joseph's upon his more than fifty years of service that has now brought him to the celebration of his most happy Golden Jubilee.

### HUGE PEP MEETING

On the eve of the DePaul game, a pep meeting was held in Alumni Hall.

We are not in a position to make official statements, but we feel safe in stating that it was the largest pep meeting ever held in the history of St. Joseph's.

While Bill McKune's orchestra played it's signature, 'Smoke Rings,' the spot light flitted across the huge banner "Beat DePaul!" Hardly had the signature number faded out when James Thornbury, the college cheer leader stepped upon the stage

and introduced the first speaker of the evening, Father Koenn. After Father Koenn's brief address the orchestra played Bill McKune's college song written especially for the occasion. Then with soft lights and soft music, Gomar DeCocker and Willie Stack, that spectacular team of acrobats, put on an act that was applauded for its display of grace and strength. The orchestra played "The Old Spinning Wheel"; with Jim Thornbury as vocalist. Another popular team, "Vandy and Red, the banjoists superb," followed

with a medley of popular college songs. With the sorrowful strains of the "Volga Boatmen," the spotlight flitted to the right side of the stage as Ed Fischer, true to form, entered from the left. Having taken from his pocket a spike and a hammer he nailed the spot to the floor, and proceeded with another one of his nonsense acts. Then the orchestra broke into the rollicking strains of "Funiculi Funicula", Dom Pallone sang a verse in the original Italian and the octet took up the chorus. Bill McKune vocalized the English version of this Italian song. Tony Traser as dance master next led the octet through a series of routine dance steps which showed polish and perfect timing. At the conclusion of this song there was so much applause that the entire act had to be repeated. But the outstanding number of the evening undoubtedly was the novel arrangement of "Jimmie Had a Nickel." In this number alone there were over twenty participants. The nov-

el arrangement was such that even Fred Waring would have applauded. Coach DeCook gave a short pep talk. This was followed by the introduction of each St. Joe varsity man with a little song written especially for the occasion. With the playing of McKune's college song, the meeting closed.

Other participants in the program whose names are not listed in the preceding paragraphs were: Julian Pank, William Pank, Joe O'Leary, Henry Rager, Vincent Nels, Charles Kelty, Robert Kelly, Robert Wirtz, George Muresan, Bernard Schmitt, Delbert Welch, Myron Huelsman, Bernard Sutton, Charles Scheidler, James Heckmann, Dom Altieri, James O'Grady and William Conces.

This pep meeting was held for the sole purpose of instilling vigor and school spirit into the student body. There are no reasons to doubt that this purpose was achieved in full.

### DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Red Rosenthal received over a hundred requests after a fifteen-minute radio broadcast?

Tony Bisig held thirteen spades in one bridge hand?

John Hamme sold several of his poems?

Collegeville has an official gov-

ernment weather station?

Bill McKune played on the champion American Legion Junior baseball team of Kentucky and won a trip to the World Series?

Every player on the DePaul varsity was a former high-school center?

### STALKING THE SENIORS

"Coming events cast their shadows before them." In regard to

the shadows of commencement, the spirit of graduation just recently

peeped over the horizon. This happened at the senior-class meeting in Baker Hall when the "grads to be" began to make their first preparations for an eventful day in June.

With the seriousness of Congress in session the meeting, con-

ducted by president Thomas E. Bur-en, began with the choosing of a class motto. "Quid erimus nunc fie-mus" was decided upon. But what is a motto without some sort of background? The poetic and artist-ic came forward with colors of scar-let and white, and with a scarlet carnation as the class flower.

### CARICATURES

Vivid imagination . . . sole ruler of Utopia . . . conversation over-flows with puns . . . jots off verse . . . features a prominent Adam's apple . . . the House of Pank holds sway in Louisville . . . deferential in actions . . . Bill Pank.

Brother of famous William . . . has a pet mania for funny papers . . . sings tenor . . . haunts the bas-  
ket ball gallery . . . often displays a fuzzy sweater . . . takes Hoshock as a joke . . . gourmet of butter-  
scotch pie . . . upholder of neoteric ideas . . . Julian Pank.

Bridge shark . . . writer of fac-  
etiae . . . scribbles off a poem now and then . . . official map artist for the students of Livy and Sanust . . . a pertinacious critic of the C. L. S. . . the tribe of Bowling recently peregrinated from Bardstown to Louis-ville . . . Ches. Bowling.

Extensive vocabulary . . . en-joys altercation with Scher . . . big

butter-and-egg man from Leipsic, (sometimes pronounced lip stick) Ohio . . . four stripes on his high school sweater . . . walking adver-tisement for Colgate's dental cream . . . Tom McCrate.

---

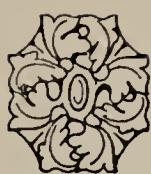
Now parts his hair on the side instead of in the middle . . . lets things come as they may . . . some-times suffers from amnesia . . . wears a blue turtle neck sweater . . . unlucky at times . . . Fort Wayne . . . Hank Rager.

---

A bulky fellow . . . considers the Defiance Crescent the masterpiece of journalism . . . jovial spirit . . . rolls his own cigarettes . . . talks in his sleep . . . seldom agrees with the Pank Bros. . . . Dick Hoshock.

---

At times does a queer bit of ratiocinating . . . an incorrigible bibliophile . . . meticulous in most of his work . . . gets a laugh out of most anything . . . migrates from Louisville . . . Louie Balbach.



# Clubs



## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

CHRONOLOGICALLY speaking, the second scholastic term this year of the Columbian Literary Society began on February 18, instead of February 21. The latter date is the usual starting point for the second semester insofar as the activities of this society are concerned. In this initial meeting of the second division of the school year, interest naturally centered in the election of officers.

As was expected, the first public program February 21st, following this election would bring the inaugural address of the newly chosen president of the society, Norbert Sulkowski. After being introduced by the new vice-president, Anthony Traser, who always knows how to use pertinent remarks, such as will invariably excite expectations, the newly elected President delivered his address on the topic, "Peace and Contentment." He emphasized peace in politics and contentment in everyday life. The expectations that had been raised in the speech of introduction were amply justified by the thoughts expressed and by the manner of speaking on the part of the President.

An amusing version, altogether Italian in brogue, of the "Life of Georgia Vashingtone," with the accent strong on the "tone," was given by Dominic Altieri. Nothing

was subtracted from the grandeur of the life of the Father of Our Country in this comical presentation; rather a great deal was added to his well-known glory. That the audience felt profoundly pleased with Dominic Altieri's novel performance has sufficient proof in the convulsive laughter and the hearty applause that accompanied his talk.

A very excellent debate followed in order. The proposition that "Modernism is Directly Opposed to the Fundamental Principles of Art" was upheld by William McKune; it was denied by Alfred Horrigan. Thoughtful arguments were advanced on both sides in well-chosen words. The judges found it hard to render a decision, but ultimately gave the verdict in favor of the negative.

The program closed with an amusing sketch entitled "The Tangled Web." The plot ranges about the life of a rather backward college Professor. Taking the role of the Professor, Ernest Doolittle, Joseph O'Leary gave one of his exceptionally good characterizations. The plights in which the Professor was represented as finding himself at times because of the outbursts of one Dan Fogarty, a policeman, a role held by Robert Wirtz, was ludicrous in the extreme. Droll little Kate Regan—plain Carl Smith

to us—was the cause of the Professor's endless predicament. Both Smith and Wirtz gave fine support to the role of the Professor. Mrs. Pendennis Wilcox, characterized by John O'Brien, added much towards almost "laying them—the audience

—in the aisles" as the saying goes.

Always creditable may be said of the work of the C. L. S., but judging from the great success of the program given on the evening of the 21st of February, one is justified in saying, "Watch it now!"

### NEWMAN CLUB

Morning in the sylvan glades of Collegeville is always thrilling. But there is an added thrill when some eager young fellow gives life to the scene by sauntering meditatively along the walks under giant oaks all the while keeping his eyes intently fixed on a manuscript. Anybody walking in the neighboring groves with manuscript in hand of early mornings indicates that some stirring event is in the offing. This is especially so when the particular individual is observed to cut up the air with frantic gestures. Just such morning walking accompanied by furious gestures may be seen by

any one right now who rises early enough to witness the one-man circus. But who could the young man be? Tsk! anybody who is asked will caution while whispering the news that this is a Newmanite, who is memorizing his cues for "Three Taps at Twelve," the brilliant and sensational "mellerdrammer" which the Newman Club will present on the eve of the Patronal Feast of St. Joseph. Rumor has it that the play promises to be unusually interesting. Blood and thunder will show up in plenty. Have your seats reserved, fellows; seats are going fast.

### MONOGRAM CLUB

Outside of having its radio merrily blasting after certain basketball practices, and impatiently awaiting a seemingly delayed floor lamp, the Monogram Club is in rather a lethargic condition these days. Of course, references to such radio personalities as Hal Kemp, Jan Garber, and the like are continually being made in the presence of those unfortunates whose duty it is to retire on schedule.

It was with quite a sense of awe that the writer happened to behold

the Monogram Club one evening from an adjacent grove. The dim rose and green color of shaded lamps projects an inviting glow, really soothing to one standing off among the giant maples. Then too, the music from the Club is pleasingly distinct and mellow-sounding, even through closed windows, to anyone listening from a distance.

If the "Grove" is not a more pleasant place to lounge during the spring weeks, it will be no fault of the Monogram Club.

### DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Deviating from their regular procedure of holding meetings on the second Saturday of the month, the Dwenger Mission Unit slipped one over on the Collegeville populace by convening on Sunday, February 11th. After strenuous discussions pro and con, it was finally decided that the Short-Story-Contest prize would be raised to five dollars, instead of the erstwhile two dollars and fifty cents.

President James Heckman, having disposed of the necessary business of the evening, James Thornbury Catholic Action leader pro-tem introducing the first speaker, Leslie Hendrickson, who impressed us very favorably by pointing out the need

of an active and vigorous Catholic Press. The next speaker, Robert Danehy, gave us a very interesting insight into the trials and troubles which Christ's apostles in foreign lands have to endure.

Not to slight the musical end of the program, Carl Vandagrift, pianist par excellence, and Robert Kelly, an up-and-coming Rubinoff, favored us with "Manhattan Serenade," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," and the old favorite, "Home."

Faint echoes have it that plans have been initiated for another one of those glorious Mission Carnivals. Let's make it bigger and better this year, gang!

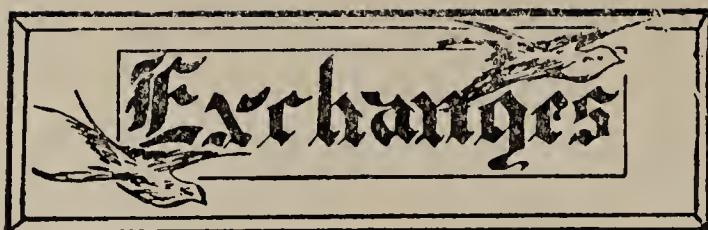
### RALEIGH CLUB

Of late, the only bit of excitement about "Club" quarters is the thrill the fellows get each morning when a certain "Breakfast Club" interrupts its program to blast the air with the old "Reveille" call. Apparently, there is quite an exultation in the hearts of Sir Walter's proteges because they can laugh at "Reveille." Many people must groan and roll out of bed when the trumpet blares. Not Raleigh lads, however—they have already been on the jump since a trifle past dawn.

Again the spheroids of ivory are

clicking their merry way about the green felt to the tune of the "8 ball" tournament. There is no certainty as to the outcome at present but the odds seem to be slightly in favor of Mosa Sphire, a wizard in "Club" circles.

These cold wintry days of early March seem to enhance marvelously the cozy cheer of the Club rooms. The "radio gang" doesn't mind the frigid air in the least. They know their reception weather. And the smoke rolls turbidly about. Everybody's happy.



TO capture the elusive spirit of the Christmas holidays was evidently the purpose of the artist who designed the picturesque cover for the *BACONIAN*, a publication that comes to us from the Roger Bacon High School in Cincinnati, Ohio. But it is not only the inviting cover that interests us in this magazine; its content is more picturesque than any ornament which it carries. A device, particularly pleasing, is the explanatory subtitles added to the essays and stories, together with a picture in miniature of the respective writers.

“A Sonnet to a Falling Star,” by William Kiley, fixes for a moment the transient inspiration that we all experience, when we gaze at the star-clustered heavens. But the logical application, aptly drawn in this sonnet, which should result from meditative star-gazing, is not always sensed as should be done. If we may describe this sonnet as excellent, we may with equal right apply the same notion to all the other productions given in the Christmas issue of the *BACONIAN*.

With numerous pictures, drawings, and cuts, *THE FLAMBEAU* arrived from Milwaukee, Wisconsin,

during the past Christmas season. Nothing that could aid in making the Christmas issue really alive and pleasant was omitted. If the art features were noteworthy, so were the prose and poetry. A painstaking arrangement of all the contents is clearly evident down to the last detail. In the short story, “Christmas with Mother” there is a naturalness in the setting and in the character drawing that made us think of Christmas scenes of former times in our own lives. Unlike the usual run of religious poems that reflect a mere shallow sentiment, the religious poems in *THE FLAMBEAU* create an impression of saneness and fervent simplicity. Indeed, if we were to consider the poems and prose productions severally, it would be more than hard to find terms sufficiently discriminating to set forth their comparative worth individually. The issue is a feast in itself.

*THE GLEANER* from St. Joseph’s College, Hinsdale, Illinois, knows how to add spice to its literary serving by means of a bit of good humor. The otherwise serious vein of the stories and essays is agreeably relieved by the parody

## EXCHANGES

entitled "William Shakespeare." We enjoyed the humorous account of the baseball game as played before His Majesty, the King of England, a game, which this parody jokingly

describes. The right kind of humor puts a reader into the right frame of mind; in consequence we read THE GLEANER all through with real pleasure.

## SPORTS

### C. Y. O. DEFEATS CARDINALS

**I**ACULLO, a short and speedy forward, led the C. Y. O. quintet to a much desired victory over the St. Joe Cardinals here on the home floor February 4. The local men were intent upon following up their victory over the Yellow Jackets of Rensselaer with another win, but when the powder exploded in the little silver gun, they had lost again 23-30.

The game was not fast nor very impressive. Referee Strole slowed it up considerably by calling a lot of fouls which may or may not have been committed. Shank controlled the tip-off for St. Joe with the forwards using it to advantage. St. Joe's offensive was unable to pierce C. Y. O.'s zone defense for very many crip shots, but Downey pulled out of his corner and dropped in two angle shots that started a rally which, if it had been sustained, no doubt would have made a different story.

The score at the half stood 19-11.

Beginning the second half, Coach DeCook started his third team which just couldn't seem to settle down; its defense and offense went hay-

wire, and before long the score stood 25-11. This lead was then too great to be overcome by the first stringers who were put back in the fray and St. Joe lost again.

This C. Y. O. team is a parish team from Niles Center, Illinois, and is a member of the Catholic Youth's Organization, hence the CYO. This organization includes nearly 700 parish teams in and around Chicago. It is under the management of Jack Elder, ex-Notre Dame football star.

Lineup and summary:

St. Joe's (23)	B.	F.	P.
Hession, rf -----	0	0	3
Traser, rf -----	0	0	2
Van Nevel, rf -----	0	0	0
Kostka, rf -----	0	0	0
Downey, lf -----	3	2	2
Fontana, lf -----	0	0	0
Bruskotter, lf -----	0	0	0
Shank, c -----	1	5	2
Petit, c -----	0	0	0
Horrigan, rg -----	1	0	2
Beeler, rg -----	0	0	2
Scheidler, lg (C) -----	0	4	4
Minick, lg -----	0	0	0
Bubala, lg -----	0	0	1
<hr/>			
Totals -----	5	11	18

C. Y. O. (30)	B.	F.	P.
Iacullo, rf (C) -----	3	4	4
W. Garry, rf -----	0	0	0
Rush, lf -----	0	3	2
Busscher, c -----	4	2	3
Seiwert, rg -----	2	3	1
J. Garry, lg -----	0	0	3
	—	—	—
Totals -----	9	12	13

**Foul Statistics**

St. Joseph's ---- Made 11 out of 16  
 C. Y. O. ----- Made 12 out of 20  
 Technical Foul—Iacullo (C.Y.O.)  
 Referee—J. Strole (Butler).  
 Timekeeper—Biven (St. Joe).  
 Time of Halves—20 minutes.

**Cardinals 31; Huntington 16**

The night of February 10 found the St. Joe Cardinals working hard to revenge a previous 2-point defeat at the hands of Huntington College, and they succeeded impressively well for they walloped Huntington 31-16. The two rival teams were pitting all they had for victory and so with the spirits of St. Joe's collegiates tensely keyed up, the fray was tough and hard fought all the way through.

Coach DeCook had again changed his starting line-up in the hope of finding a winning combination—and he succeeded! Captain Rusty Scheidler and Eddie Hession shifted positions and the result showed the Cardinals in the role of classy basketball. Eddie Hession starred on the defense together with snatching the individual scoring honors for the evening with 14 points. St. Joe's offense looked good, clicking around the cool and stalwart Shank.

Huntington's delayed offense could not ruffle the smooth man-to-man shifting defense of the DeCookmen.

Huntington's team, classier this year than last, just couldn't get through the Red Birds' tight defense. The cross-staters use the zone defense with a definite degree of perfection, and St. Joe found it hard to gain crip-shots.

**Lineup and summary:**

St. Joseph's (31)	B.	F.	P.
Scheidler, rf (C) -----	3	1	2
Traser, rf -----	0	0	1
Downey, lf -----	0	0	3
Fontana lf -----	2	1	1
Shank, c -----	2	1	3
Hession, rg -----	4	4	0
Andres, rg -----	0	0	1
Horrigan, lg -----	1	0	0
Bubala, lg -----	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals -----	12	7	11

Huntington (16)	B.	F.	P.
Pfeiffer, rf -----	0	0	0
Buzzard, rf -----	0	0	0
Goslee, lf -----	0	0	0
Cussen, lf -----	0	1	2
Ware, c (C) -----	1	1	1
Goodale, rg -----	4	2	2
Bergdall, rg -----	0	0	0
Davis, lg -----	1	0	3
Mignery, lg -----	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals -----	6	4	8

Referee—A. Etter; Umpire, R. Etter.

Timekeeper—Biven (St. Joe).  
 Technical Foul—Ware (Huntington).

Time of Halves—20 minutes.

## DE PAUL TRAMPLES DOWN ST JOE

St. Joe was given a second attempt in big-time basketball when they met the highly renowned and much-feared DePaul University under the bright lights in the local gym February 16. The final score, 47-22 does not, however, convey the true idea of the interest of the game and St. Joe's worth. The Cardinals were not outplayed; they were simply lacking the height which the Blue Demons had in every member of the team, especially Barskis and Weston, who stand about six and a half feet tall.

Referee Etter tossed the spheroid up at center at 8 o'clock to start the big game. Neither team scored for two or three minutes. Then Adams, one of DePaul's huskies, wheeled and dumped in a one-hander. Captain Scheidler of the Cardinals, matched this with a beautiful shot which set the St. Joe Collegiates in an uproar. Johnnie Downey, Cardinal forward, missed a charity toss. From then on the Cardinals had a tough time with the one hand shots of the tall Blue Demons. The Cards worked hard and guarded well; the Cardinal Captain got open for two more baskets; Fontana and Hession each scored a free throw. But as the half ended, St. Joe was trailing 17-8.

In the second half, the Cardinals were still working hard, but their chances to score were few. DePaul, keeping up its practically unguardable one-hand specials, were forging far into the lead. Joe Fon-

tana, Cardinal forward, found his basket eye and zipped three two-pointers through the cords, collecting two fouls while he was doing it. Barskis, DePaul's big scorer, kept on his ways and rolled up 9 points in the last half. Linskey, Blue Demon guard, dropped in three baskets and a foul. Scheidler and Horrigan each added a free throw to St. Joe's score, but the Cards couldn't rally. Their zip and go were sapped from them because of the exertion necessary in guarding men four or five inches taller than themselves. So, St. Joe, fighting to the last, fell in defeat before the DePaul Blue Demons, in one of the classiest games of this season.

Lineup and summary:

St. Joseph's (22)	B.	F.	P.
Scheidler, rf (C) -----	3	1	0
Fontana, rf -----	3	3	2
Downey, lf -----	0	0	1
Shank, c -----	0	0	3
Hession, rg -----	2	1	3
Horrigan, lg -----	0	1	1
Totals -----	8	6	10

DePaul (47)	B.	F.	P.
Gorsky, rf -----	3	0	2
Diduch, rf -----	1	0	0
Barskis, lf -----	5	1	2
Adams, lf -----	4	3	2
Sand, lf -----	2	0	0
Weston, c (C) -----	1	0	1
Linskey, rg -----	4	1	2
Redfield, rg -----	0	0	1
Krause, lg -----	1	0	3
Totals -----	21	5	13

Referee—A. Etter; Umpire, J. Strole.

Timekeeper—Biven (St. Joe.)

**ST. JOE LICKS**

Fast passing and cooperation, coupled with a tough and determined defense, earned for the St. Joe Cardinals their second victory of the season over St. John's of Whiting. The ball game was interesting and hard fought throughout the forty minutes of play; the champs of Lake County, however, defeating everything in their path, were soon tamed down by the cool and competent DeCook men.

From the start of the game, when the Cardinal captain scored a free throw, until the end when Joe Fontana dumped in the two goals which made the difference in the score, St. Joe usually claimed the larger score. The Cardinals found some difficulty with the height of Papach and the speedy little Stricho, each scoring 4 and 9 points respectively. All the Cardinal men who saw action turned in an exemplary game but there were really no outstanding players. Joe Fontana, however, copped the scor-

Technical Foul—Linskey (DePaul).

Time of Halves—20 minutes.

**WHITING 27-23**

Lineup and summary: ing honors of the evening with 10 points.

St. Joseph's (27)	B.	F.	P.
Scheidler, rf (C) -----	3	3	2
Downey, lf -----	2	0	2
Petit, lf -----	0	0	0
Fontana, c -----	4	2	1
Horrigan, rg -----	1	0	2
Hession, lg -----	1	0	1
<hr/>			
Totals -----	11	5	8

St. John's (23)	B.	F.	P.
Bubala, rf -----	0	0	0
Sotach, rf -----	0	0	1
Ryan, lf -----	2	2	1
Dubick, lf -----	1	0	0
Papach, c -----	2	0	0
Stricho, rg -----	4	1	1
Dancisak, lg (C) -----	0	2	2
<hr/>			
Totals -----	9	5	5

Referee—O'Keefe; Umpire, Martich.

Timekeeper—Hajech (St. John's)  
Technical Foul — Sotach (St. John's.)

Time of Halves—20 minutes.

**INTRAMURAL LEAGUE**

**Sixths Outscore Seconds 19-5**

Loose passing and careless offensive featured the game which the Sixths took easily from the Seconds. Minus the services of Welch and McKune, ex-varsity forwards, the Seniors failed to flash their

usual snappy play, but the ranginess of Miller and Rager decided the fray.

**Fourths Wallop Thirds**

Getting off to a slow start, the High-School Seniors finally started

their offense clicking in time to trim the Third Year 23-13.

---

**Fifths 29; Thirds 7**

Flashing championship form, the College Freshmen took a one-sided victory from the Thirds who were practically helpless before the inimitable passing attack of the Fifth Year.

---

**Fourths Nose Out Sixths 27-25**

A shift in the lineup by Manager O'Connor supplied the necessary speed in the Fourth's offense to overcome the rangy defense of the Sixths. Vichuras, the Fourth's left-handed menace, scored 17 points as Miller rolled up 15 counters for the Seniors.

---

**Thirds Eke Out Victory  
Over Seconds**

The High School Juniors avenged a former defeat with a hard earned victory over the Seconds, 10-9, in a fast and well-played game.

**PEP SECTION MARCH 1934**

We'll win! We'll win!

We'll win!

By golly St. Joe'll win!

How could we lose with an attitude like that? How did we beat Huntington? How did we give DePaul such a fight? How did the team come back to the style basketball we witnessed on the St. Joe floor in '32-'33? It was the combination of excellent coaching, a determined team, and the fighting

**Fifths Win Again**

Jimmie Scott, diminutive Fifth Year forward, baffled the Fourth's defense for a lot of points and a victory for his fellow College Freshmen. Score: 31-23.

---

**Thirds Upset Sixths**

With the taste of victory still fresh in their memories, a heartened Third Year quintet played over their heads to down the fading Sixths by a score of 16-13.

---

**Fifths 27; Sixths 23**

A Fifth Year rally led by Thornbury in the closing minutes of play, crushed the hopes of the Seniors for victory after they had lead practically the whole game. The final score: Fifths 27; Sixths 23.

---

**Fourths Smack Seconds 24-16**

Introducing a unique offense to cope with the zone defense of the Second Year, the Fourth Year, led by speedy Bill Stack, chalked up another victory 24-16.

**spirit of the students.**

For the success attained during the season, credit should be given where credit is due.

Excellent coaching— Raymond DeCook. To the man that made St. Joe teams what they are, we pay the highest tribute. Long after we've forgotten who played on the team we'll still be telling our children how we cheered for the one and only coach—Coach DeCook.

A determined team—St. Joe basketball team.

Here's to the team and to it some more,

St. Joe's the best team on any old floor.

And we'll say it, and say it again,  
Because with our spirit we're bound to win.

St. Joe's fighting spirit—again St. Joe students.

A stranger passing on the road during any one of the recent contests on the home floor and judging from the noise, might have thought that the whole Cherokee Indian race had settled on the Collegeville reservation and were celebrating the wedding anniversary of Chief Sitting Bull. That's the old spirit gang, just leave the roof on the gym. Yell even louder in base ball; there's no roof.

We have been winning, but we are going to lose. We are going to lose five of the niftiest ball handlers St. Joe has ever turned out. Three of them are walking out with three-fifths of the first five. Next year we shall miss our Captain, Rusty Scheidler. He has manifested his ability to pass, dribble and shoot from both guard and forward positions. Basketball is Rusty's middle name. The seventh grade of a little Greensburg school was fortunate enough to have in its enrollment Captain Scheidler who already was holding down a position on the varsity of the school. Thus his career

began. The years '28 and '29 found Rusty in his first year at St. Joe managing a team in the Junior League. The second, third and the fourth years of Captain Scheidler's stay at St. Joe found him alternating as Captain and Manager of a powerful Senior team. Last year Rusty won the laurels by forcing the score keeper to turn over the most deuces on the board. This year we have seen Captain Scheidler come out of a temporary slump to play some excellent ball. Now we know why that honor of Captain was placed upon him. We feel assured that he has fulfilled his position as well as the position could be fulfilled.

The same praise for good work accomplished can be given to the other four graduating members of the team; Joe Fontana, "Shad" Horrigan, Tony Traser, and Clem Petit. Joe Fontana held down the most responsible position on the team, and he held it down well. Around Joe the team was built and to him was entrusted, what in Coach DeCook's system, is the most important and the most difficult position on the team. On organizing the team in '32, DeCook saw the necessity of breaking in a pivot man. Thus it was that Fontana was taken from his guard position and received special coaching on the pivot line. Joe came through and was not only an outstanding player at the pivot position, but he was the most valuable man the Cards had.

"Shad" Horrigan, due to his height, neat passing, smooth shooting, close guarding and cool head in the pinches was chosen to jump center and hold down a guard position. St. Joe will suffer greatly from the loss of one of its very few six-footers. St. Joe's defeat was never due to points made by "Shad's" man, but a number of games were won by "Shad's" long shots. With "Shad" jumping, the Cards pretty well controlled the tip-

off. We'll always remember "Shad" as the lanky guard.

Tony Traser and Clem Petit are the boys that dashed on the floor when the first reserves were called in. Tony and Clem will long be remembered for the fight they always showed when playing. If St. Joe can always maintain a team of players as nifty and as clever with the ball as were Tony and Clem, there'll be no worry about defeat.





# Humor



Dip: "How did you break your leg?"

Dippy: "I threw a cigarette into a man-hole and stepped on it."

Many a fellow who studied geology at college has been on the rocks ever since.

Waiter: "Did you say you wanted your egg turned over, sir?"

Patron: "Yes, turned over to the Museum of Natural History."

Mr. I. F. Fallenarches sez: "Pedestrians, as a rule, seem to be in a run-down condition."

Pug: "I'll make that palooka look sick in the next round. I know the ropes in this racket, brother!"

Manager: "You ought to—you spend most of your time on them."

Have you heard of the contortionist who bought a quart of good old Scotch and went on a bender?

DeCocker: "Get out of bed."

Squeek: "Aw leave me alone, I'm tired."

DeCocker: "You know what the early bird gets, don't you?"

Meiering: "Yeh, my goat."

Then there was the six-day bicycle rider who was arrested for peddling without a license.

Wife: "You told me before I married you that you were well off."

Husband: "I was, but I didn't know it."

A new adage:

Crystal gazers live on the fate of the land.

Martin: "I hit a golf ball and nearly killed a man."

Samis: "Really?"

Martin: "Yes, the pro who was teaching me almost dropped dead when I hit it."

They say that Widmer is so deathly afraid of sunstroke that he hires a detective to shadow him.

Biven: "There is no difficulty in the world that cannot be overcome."

Hession: "Is that so! Say, did you ever try to push the tooth-paste back in the tube?"

The only exercise some people get, is running up bills and jumping at conclusions.

Slugger: "I'm still a good ball player. Even if I am forty, I can still wallop the ol' apple."

Manager: "Yes, but a man is as young as he fields."

---

One father writes, "It's fine to have a grown son. You always know where your favorite necktie is."

---

In the old days a funny face or a dumb look made a person wretched; now it makes him a movie star.

---

Politician: "Of course, as soon as I discovered it was a crooked deal I got out of it."

Voter: "How much?"

---

Notice to victims of "cadging" in the Club:

"Im trying to quit" means: "I've quit buying my own; gimme one."

---

Friend: "How is your son making it at college?"

Poor Old Dad: "He isn't. I'm making it, and he's spending it."

---

Now they say coffee is used in making paint. In some boarding houses it's the other way about!

---

You can tell quality folks. They make the chauffeur get out to buy the hot dogs.

---

How strange it seems for America's national anthem to begin, "Oh say" instead of "Oh yeah."

---

Employer: "So you want the afternoon off to go to your aunt's funeral?"

Office Boy: "Yes, please, sir—if it doesn't rain."

---

Gas Station Mgr.: "How many?"

Scotchman: "One gallon."

As Before: "What are you trying to do—wean it?"

---

Soldiers did \$500,000 damage to that Havana hotel. It must have seemed like a convention from the States.

---

Buren: "What are you studying Dom, English?"

Pallone: "Naw, I ain't studyin' no English. I puts all me time on Greek where I needs it."

---

Maybe Emily Post can tell us whether or not it is correct to say "Thank you" when a closed bank gives us back 10 percent of our money.

---

Ruff: "You say anything to me and I'll make you eat your words."

Tuff: "Chicken dumplings, hot biscuits, and watermelon."

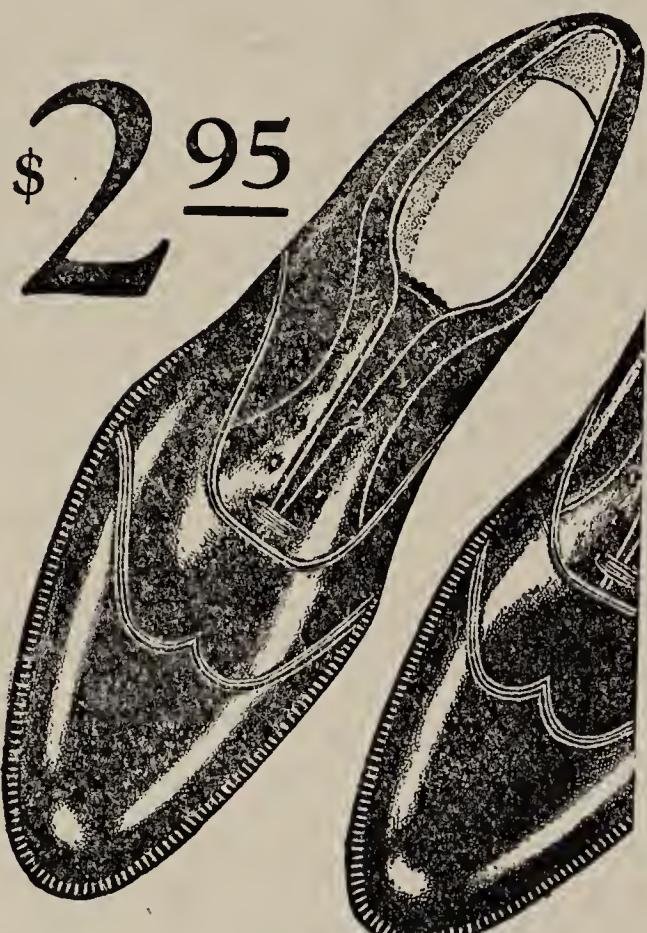
---



*Here*

## FELLOWS!

A lot of the boys in other Colleges are wearing this shoe. Come in and see it.



Plenty of swagger and sturdiness to spare, in this good quality black leather oxford.

**MILLER-JONES**

*Good Shoes for All the Family*

229 W. Washington St.

Compliments of

# Schultz

## Bros.

## Co.

Featuring

5c to \$1.00  
Merchandise

## Cooper's Sandwich Shop

A Good Place to Eat

BAR-B-Q SANDWICHES

A Specialty

CHILI

GOOD COFFEE

Plate Lunches      Short Orders  
Look for the GREEN FRONT  
A sure Sign of Quality Food

College Pressing  
Shop

Jos. Fontana, Prop.

# Palace Theatre

## Rensselaer, Indiana

---

**SUNDAY, MONDAY and TUESDAY**

**MARCH 18-19-20**

**Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in**  
**“NO MORE WOMEN”**

**News and Short**

---

**SUNDAY, MONDAY and TUESDAY**

**MARCH 25-26-27**

**Charlie Ruggles, W. C. Fields, Mary Boland**  
**and Alison Skipworth in**  
**“SIX OF A KIND”**

**News and Short**

---

**THURSDAY and FRIDAY, MARCH 29-30**

**Dorothy Wilson, Douglas Montgomery, Kay Johnson in**  
**“EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT”**

**News and Short**

**FORD'S BARBER SHOP**

We

Appreciate your patronage and  
hope to please you always.

**Parks' Variety  
Store**

Compliments of

**PITMAN MOORE COMPANY**

Indianapolis, Indiana

**HOLDEN'S GREENHOUSE**

Say it With Flowers

Phone 426

Patronize the best and forget  
the rest.

**ED GILMORE'S BARBER  
SHOP**

**DR. E. F. SUTHERLAND**

**DENTIST**

Office 623 A

Residence 623 D

Murray Building

Abraham Halleck

Charles A. Halleck

**HALLECK & HALLECK**

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Telephone 56

Rensselaer, Ind.

**Warren's  
Barber Shop**

Complete Line of  
Greeting Cards for  
All Occasions.

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

Let the College Dentists fill  
your sweet tooth at the  
COLLEGE SWEET SHOP

Bill & Al

## State Bank of Rensselaer

Some are larger, None are better, Few as good.

Safety First is Our Motto.

—See—

BROTHER DAVID  
Barber Shop  
Tobacconist

Daily Exercise

STAR  
Billiards and Bowling Alley  
BEER for refreshment.  
Al H. Kanne, Prop.

Bring your guests and friends  
to  
*Hotel Makeever*  
For their Sunday dinner.  
We Serve the Best.

ALL ROADS LEAD  
TO THE  
RALEIGH  
SMOKING CLUB

FENDIG'S

REXALL

DRUG STORE

A good place to select your toilet articles.

PIPES

CIGARETTES

CIGARS

Come in and see our scales.

GOOD THINGS  
FRESH FROM THE OVEN AT  
**O'RILEY'S BAKERY**

**DR. HARVE HEMPHILL**  
DENTIST  
Over Fendig's Drug Store  
Office 104  
Rensselaer, Ind.

**H. & H. PHARMACY**  
SCHOOL SUPPLIES  
Modern Fountain Service  
Cards Magazines

**CALLAHAN & KANNE**

The Place to Buy Your  
**COAL**  
Phone 273

**WARNER HARDWARE**  
Electrical Supplies,  
Stoves, Radios.  
Phone 61

**DR. F. A. TURFLER**  
A straight backbone works bet-  
ter than a crooked one.  
Murray Building.  
Phone 300.

***Iroquois Roller Mills***

PHONE 456

Manufacturers of hard and soft wheat flour, Buckwheat, Graham,  
Rye, Pancake Flours. We specialize in Poultry Feeds.

Compliments of  
NRA Member—We Do Our Part.  
**NEW FOWLER LAUNDRY**  
Complete Dry Cleaning and Laundry Service  
**HATS**                    **RUGS**                    **DYEING**

---

**COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY**  
**NEW THRILLS !**                    **NEW CASTS !**  
**A NEW YEAR !**

---

**THE**  
**COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF**  
**FRANK MEDICO PIPES**  
**Sundaes-Sodas**                    **WORDEN & KELLER'S**                    **FOOD - BEER**

---

Compliments of  
**THE FISHER AUTO TOP CO.**  
Norwalk, Ohio.

Compliments of  
**THE**  
**ATHLETIC**  
**ASSOCIATION**

**LARSH & HOPKINS**  
**DRUG STORE**  
Complete Line of Drugs.  
South Side Washington St.  
Across from  
Wright's Restaurant.



# Goodman Coal Corp.

TELEPHONE HARRISON 0250

THREE TEN S. MICHIGAN AVE.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PRODUCERS OF PREMIUM INDIANA COALS

DIXIE BEE—Seifert, Indiana, C. & E. I. Ry.

BLACK KING—Somerville, Indiana, Big-4 Ry.

THE  
Rensselaer Republican  
“*Quality Printers*”

---

PUBLISHERS OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

---

BOOK AND MAGAZINE PRINTING SOLICITED.

NO JOB TOO LARGE AND NONE TOO SMALL—TRY US.

---

MACK & COMPANY  
BOTTLERS OF  
Coca Cola

AND FINE SODA WATERS. EVERY BOTTLE STERILIZED.

Manufacturers of

PURE ICE CREAM AND ICES

“It's a Food”

MONON, INDIANA

**WARTENA & LOWMAN  
WOODWORK  
General Blacksmithing, Plow  
Work, Horse Shoeing.  
Phone 112.  
Rensselaer, Ind.**

**EAT AT SIP & BITE  
½ Block North of Stop and Go  
Light. Enjoy Real Chile Con-  
Carne and Lunches.**

**Phone 625-White**

**Rensselaer, Indiana**

**GOOD LUNCH**

**COLD BEER**

**Fish at all times.**

**Try our Chili.**

**NUB'S LUNCHEONETTE**

**VICTOR STUDIO**

**GARY'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER**

**We enjoyed taking the Graduation Pictures of the Class of '34**

**Phone 2-1477**

**515 Broadway, Gary, Indiana**

**J. A. Grant & Son**

**Local and long distance hauling.**

**Rensselaer, Indiana**



You Hear  
It  
Everywhere



SAVE SAFELY-  
**SHOP PENNEY'S!**



*Berghoff*  
**BEER**

**OLD MUNICH PROCESS**

A delicacy for your table—  
an appetizing *food*. Always  
have a case in your home,  
with a few bottles on ice.

BERGHOFF BREWING CO.  
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

POPULAR BRANDS

**3.2 BEER**      Delivered  
                            Promptly.

**I. H. Riley, Distributor**

**Phone 60**

**SOFT DRINKS**

**CANDY**

**ICE CREAM**

**GOOD EATS**

**SMOKES**

**CHEERFUL SERVICE**

St. Joe's Boys are always welcome at  
**WRIGHT'S RESTAURANT**

Supply your needs at

**Murray's Department Store**

**Furnishings**

**Toilet Goods**

**"Eats"**

**DR. A. G. CATT**

**Eyesight Specialist**

Eyes examined, glasses fitted, Repair Department Also.

**Phone 232**

Located Over Long's Drug Store

**THE COLLEGE SHOE SHOP**

Look at your shoes, everyone else does. We specialize in Men's  
and Boy's THOROGOOD Shoes and Expert Shoe Rebuilding.

Between the City Hall and Palace Theatre

**H. G. ABBETT CO.**

# COLLEGESIDE INN

For Your  
LUNCH AND REAL BEER  
James Jonas, Prop.

C. J. DEAN & SON  
General Insurance.  
Rensselaer, Ind.

CLARKE,  
The Jeweler  
Where quality and service  
count.  
Watch Repairing a Specialty.

## *Hardesty's of Rensselaer*

Between the Two Hotels  
See my collection, use our billiard tables, enjoy our Cold Beer  
AND YOU'LL COME AGAIN

### RENSSELAER X-RAY LABORATORY

X-Ray Photographs—X-Ray Treatments

I. M. WASHBURN, M. D.

C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

HOTEL

HOOSIER INN

DR. W. L. GRANT

DENTIST

Above the A. & P. Store.





